The Outlook

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Mitchell's Conviction

AN undisciplined army is a contradiction in terms. It is not an army; it is a mob. And where there is no discipline there is no freedom. Mobs are notoriously tyrannical, arbitrary, cruel. The greatest foes of liberty to-day in America are those who would turn the home into a boarding-house without even the obligation of payment of board, the school into a play resort, and the army into a mob.

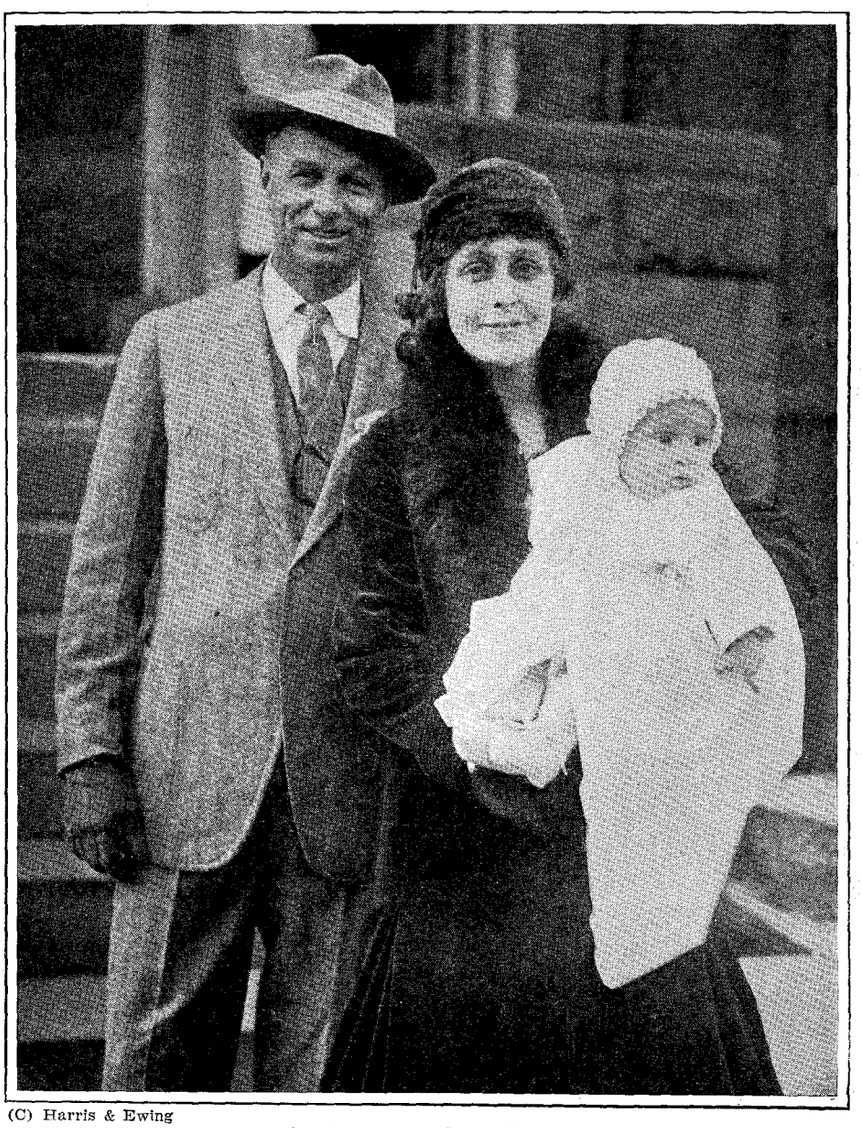
Maintenance of discipline is therefore a service to liberty.

The question that arises at the close of the Mitchell trial is not whether Colonel Mitchell should have been tried, or even whether his conviction was according to evidence. The great majority of thoughtful and informed people are convinced that the maintenance of elementary order in the Army required his trial and conviction. The question is whether his sentence serves the end of discipline.

On that point there is a great divergence of opinion. Technically less severe than dismissal would have been, suspension without pay for five years is really severer. His status is that of an unpaid private soldier subject to army discipline at all times. He has received the Distinguished Service Medal and the Distinguished Service Cross of the United States, the Croix de Guerre and the rank of Commander in the Legion of Honor from the French Republic, and decorations from the British and Italian Governments. The gallantry thus testified to might well be taken into account in mitigation of his punishment; but, on the other hand, the honors he has received place him under special obligation and aggravate his offense. Airplanes without number could not compensate the Nation for the disorganization of its Army.

If Colonel Mitchell's sentence is modified by those higher in authority than the court martial that tried him, it will be because the interest of true discipline (which is something different from mere harsh treatment or the imposition of authority) requires modification.

The bills introduced into Congress which affect to take out of the President's hands the right of appointment to the Army by reinstating Mitchell and reducing two of his trial judges, or otherwise, may be dismissed from attention as frivolous. The President is still the Commander-in-Chief of the Army under the Constitution.



(C) Harris & Ewing

An Apparently Happy Family

In spite of the conviction of the "Flying Colonel," William Mitchell, on charges of insubordination, the baby is the only one of the three that looks worried

Good for the House!

THERE are those who hold it unsafe to eulogize a man before he is dead. There are those, more numerous, who more strongly hold it unsafe to applaud a Congress before it adjourns. But generosity is a greater virtue than safety first. We therefore take the risk of declaring that the House of Representatives of the Sixty-ninth Congress is the best House of Representatives we have had in many years. And this statement will stand, regardless of any or all follies that the House may commit later along. A record of service is already made, and cannot be wholly marred.

Ordinarily, the House of Representatives fritters away the time between the beginning of the session and the Christmas recess. But this Congress got squarely down to boot heels and bitulithic on the opening day, and has been genuinely and constructively busy ever since. The first result is the passage of the Tax-Reduction Bill in record time. It was finally passed by the House on December 18.

This result would not have been possible, of course, had not the Ways and Means Committee departed from the old

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custom by putting the bill in shape before Congress met. Neither would it have been possible had not the miracle of non-partisanship occurred. But, even with these exceptional aids to despatch, any other House that we have had for a long time would have been able to delay action indefinitely.

The Democrats continued unswerving in their support of this Administration measure. Only ten Democrats voted in opposition on final passage. Voting with them were ten so-called Republicans—the nine Wisconsin members and a single Republican, Schafer, of North Dakota. With them, also, were the two Socialists, the two Farmer-Laborites, and the single independent, a total of twenty-five.

No revenue measure was ever before so promptly passed in time of peace, and probably none was ever passed even in time of war with so little actual opposition. Only once was there anything resembling division along party lines. The Democrats stood with the Republicans in voting down all amendments. They made a mere formal show of party strength on the motion to recommit for the purpose of increasing the surtax maximum from 20 to 25 per cent.

Now for the Senate

BUT the Tax Bill is still far from being a law. The middle of February is about the time when, in optimistic opinion, it may be expected to pass the Senate, and then only because the Treasury is urging final action on the bill by that time in order that the machinery may be put in gear for the first payment of taxes on March 15. It is not to be hoped, even by the most optimistic, that the Senate, even when it comes to consideration of the Tax Bill, will pass it as promptly as the House did. And the beginning of its consideration in the Senate waits upon the termination of the World Court debate, now fairly begun. There may be more opposition to the Tax Bill in the Senate than there was in the House. There may even be amendments. The Senate has a fondness for the blue pencil. But it is safe to say that the Senate Democrats will not fight this Tax Bill, as they did the last one, and there is a fair prospect of genuinely non-partisan action in that body too.

On the whole, the early indications are that this is to be an orderly session of Congress. A strange, almost a startling, tranquillity prevails, not alone as to parties, but as to individuals. There is no threat of muck-raking. There is no serious threat of obstructionist tactics—except in the single case of the irreconcilables who oppose adherence to the World Court and, undoubtedly, will obstruct as long as they can hope that sufficient public sentiment may be aroused to change a few votes and give them the victory.

Aside from the World Court thunder

(C) Henry Miller News Picture Service, Inc.
Senator William Borah, leader of the opposition to the World Court

cloud, there is only one speck in the sky, and it lies as yet low along the horizon. It is Mitchellism. It may shred away into mist. Again, there may blow out of it a Congressional storm fiercer than the oil and the Daugherty tempests of last session.

That, however, is for the future. For the present, we can afford to enjoy, without too much indulgence to our apprehensions, the unusual good fortune of having a Congress that transacts its own business and, in the main, lets the business of others alone.

The World Court's Opponents

OPPOSITION to the World Court as now constituted seems to be of two sorts. On the one hand, there is opposition to a world court as such, and it is directed to the Permanent Court of International Justice because it is permanent and is international and is a court of justice. On the other hand, there is opposition to this Court, not because it is a court, but because it is alleged to be created by, subordinate to, and dependent upon the League of Nations.

Such opposition as rests upon distrust of any form of world court has become virtually negligible; but opposition to the present Court because of its connection with the League is strong, and is led by Senator Borah, the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

Mr. Borah's speech, of which he delivered the first part on December 18, is likely to be the basis of the opposition in the Senate. His chief point is not that the Court is agent of the League (for that could be met by the argument that it is no more the agent of the League than of any nation or group of nations that uses it), but that the League is expected to enforce the Court's decrees. Friends of the Court, among whom we count ourselves, should listen to the opposition with patience and a desire to learn the truth. If what Mr. Borah says is true, though supporters of the Court deny it, then this country should make its support of the Court contingent upon an understanding that the decrees of the Court shall rest upon their intrinsic moral and legal weight, and not upon any form of material force. Otherwise, the United States would be put into the position of accepting the League without openly joining it; and neither the supporters nor the opponents of the League of Nations can wish the United States to do that.

The relations of the Court to the maintenance of peace is discussed editorially elsewhere.

America and the Move for Disarmament

PUBLIC opinion in this country is strongly directed toward all reasonable and even some unreasonable reduction of armament. This is why such a proposal as that of the League of Nations to America to take part in a conference on disarmament has met with a favorable popular response. No Administration which valued public support

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could ignore such a request. This is not because the American people are less determined than they were to keep out of European political entanglements, but because after every war they have shown the disposition of Cincinnatus, and have welcomed every chance to replace their weapons with tools.

At the same time the Administration at Washington sees clearly that there is very little that America can contribute at present to world-wide reduction in armaments. We have already reduced our land forces to a size none too large for police purposes, and would have no contribution to make to a conference on land armament except advice, which would be irritating, or economic pressure, which would be provocative of resentment. To any conference on naval armament we could make no such offer as we made at Washington, for the advantage in capital ships we had there was sacrificed to a larger end, and we have no corresponding advantage now to offer.

In spite of the fact that the letter of invitation to our Government has been received, it is not quite clear what is to be expected of us in the proposed conference. Evidently the purpose of this particular meeting of representatives of the nations would be to lay down a plan for a further conference and to settle certain preliminary questions. For example, among the questions to be discussed are the means of measuring the armament of one country against the armament of another and the possibility of ascertaining whether an armament is primarily offensive or defensive. In the list of questions submitted there is opportunity for almost endless discussion. The really effective conferences have been those in which, as at Washington and Locarno, the membership and the objectives have been definitely limited.

Uncle Sam's Railway Experience

IT will surprise many people to learn that the United States Director-General of Railroads, James C. Davis, has just sent in his resignation after rendering his final report.

Most of us supposed that the not very happy chapter of railway management by the Government had ceased long ago. But it appears that when control of the roads was passed back to the owners at midnight of February 29, 1920, there were enormous sums involved in claims against the Government, and it has taken nearly five years to clean things up. For instance, Mr. Davis had to settle or resist 50,000 lawsuits for personal injuries or damage to property, and there was a little difference between the railroads and the Government of about half a billion dollars as to the balance of financial claims of each against the other. It is quite a triumph of tact or hard work or both that these last-named claims have been adjusted (or nearly so) without litigation. President Coolidge rightly congratulated Mr. Davis for winding up a liquidation probably the greatest in all the experience of this country and perhaps of the world.

There is general agreement that the thirty-two months of actual Government control and operation and the six months of a guaranty period left Americans less, rather than more, disposed to believe in Government railway management in the future. Making all allowance for the fact that the Government was not trying to set an example of public operation, that the railways were run to help win the war and not to save money, and that personal convenience and business facilities were shoved one side for actual or supposed military needs, it still remains true that this huge experience in railroading was inordinately costly, and that, especially after the end of actual war, politics and red tape and inefficiency were such as to leave deep distaste for any further experimentation in this direction.

The Outlook has long maintained that, not operation, but control within just and reasonable limits, is the true governmental policy. The end of what has been called an ill-starred and melancholy adventure confirms that belief.

Bigger and Better Reclamation

RECLAMATION no longer means exclusively the making of irrigated farms. It, apparently, has ceased to mean mainly that. It means now, and will increasingly mean for the future, reforestation of lands that should grow trees but are now nude and restoration of fertility to lands that should grow crops but are now sterile from exhaustion. The scene of reclamation is to be no longer exclusively in the arid regions of the West. It is to be more largely in the humid regions of the East. And on arid or humid, Western or Eastern lands reclamation is to be quite as much conservation as utilization.

All of this appears from the proceedings of the Conference on Reclamation and Colonization of Idle Lands, recently held in Washington. Secretary Work, of the Department of the Interior, and Secretary Jardine, of the Department of Agriculture, were the principal speakers.

Secretary Work declared that "We must begin again in the East, as did our forefathers, . . . not to conquer the land, but to restore it." He pointed out the fact that Eastern reclamation is much less expensive than Western. He stressed the necessity of Eastern production for Eastern consumption. "The Great Divide," he declared, "is already a rent in the economic fabric of a nation."

Secretary Jardine agreed with the policy announced by Secretary Work, but he went on to say that there is no present need for bringing additional lands under the plow. Too much land is already under cultivation, he said, resulting in overproduction and a consequent economic problem, and agricultural expansion is still going on too rapidly, particularly in the Great Plains region. By this he did not mean to advocate abandonment of reclamation. Within the next ten or fifteen years, he said, population will have increased to the point where greater agricultural production will be necessary. What should be done now, he continued, is to make plans and lay out a policy for that time. That policy, he pointed out, should not leave reclamation standing alone, but should correlate it with other policies, such as inland waterways development and reforestation.

Nothing that occurred at the Conference can be taken as indicating that there is to be any lessening of interest in the reclamation projects on irrigated lands. Solicitude for the future welfare of the settlers on those projects was apparent throughout the proceedings. Their interests will be safeguarded—perhaps more thoroughly than ever before. But, if the policy now fairly formulated continues, the ditch-digger will get less and the forester and soil chemist more of the money spent on reclamation projects in the future.

A University Gets a Forest

A FOREST is a novel sort of gift, and quite appropriate to the Christmas season. The donor is Charles Lathrop Pack, head of the American Tree Association, formerly President of the American Forestry Association, and for many years a vigorous supporter of forest preservation and improvement. The donee is Yale University, which already has about a thousand acres of land under

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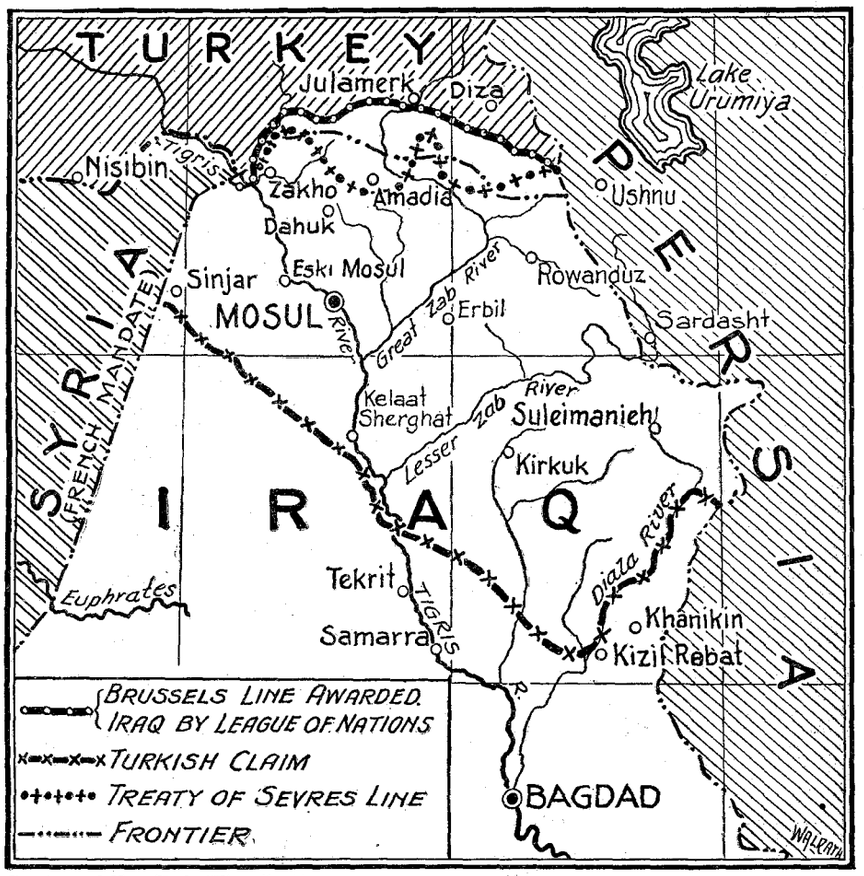

Courtesy of New York "Times"

Irak—one of Britain's burdens that Turkey would like to bear

control for forestry education and experiment.

Some or all of this land is in New Hampshire, not far from the town of Keene. The present gift will adjoin the existing reservation and very largely increase it. Dean Henry S. Graves, of the Yale Forestry School, points out, not only that will it help to educate foresters, but that it may be a source of interest in forestry to the thousands of pleasure-seekers and tourists who pass through this section in summer.

Ultimately Yale will have perhaps 2,500 acres in charge, and even now, Dean Graves points out, "the forest is a living demonstration of the science of forestry in actual practice which may convince the public and private forest owners of the economic advantages in managing such property in accordance with sound principles."

A Department Gets a Home

WHEN Harvey Hannah, a Tennessee orator and politician, was in Washington a number of years ago, a friend asked him if he was not lonesome without Confederate monuments around him.

"I certainly would be," he replied, "if that were the case. But you have a Confederate monument here in Washington that outbulks all of those in the eleven seceding States. It occupies the whole square bounded by Fourth, Fifth, F, and G Streets."

That is the location of the Pension Office.

Perhaps there was cruelty in the words, justifiable only on the ground that they constituted the retort to a taunt. But that there was a modicum of truth in them is suggested by the fact that, since the surviving veterans of the Civil War have grown few, the Pension Office is to be transferred to unostentatious quarters in the Department of the Interior Building and the Pension Office Building is to become the home of the Department of Labor. Protests have been received from old soldiers, but, since the program is economy and since this shift will have the effect of taking a whole department out of a rented building and housing it in one Government-owned, the change will be made—unless the protests become much louder.

This particular shift is really a part of a general program the object of which is twofold—to assemble the bureaus of the same department as nearly as possible, and to get rid of the expense of as many rented buildings as possible.

Mosul Still a Bone of Contention

THE frontier line decided upon by the Council of the League of Nations between Turkey and Irak in the disputed Mosul section is known as the Brussels Line, as it was originally suggested at the Brussels Conference. It is bitterly opposed by Turkey, although it does not grant to Irak the full demands advanced for her by Great Britain, which holds the mandate for Irak.

It will be remembered that the League sent a commission to Mosul equipped with every conceivable kind of experts—geographical, topographical, linguistic, racial, historical—so that the enormously long report made by the commission was one of the most formidable and yet one of the most interesting documents ever printed. The League held that Turkey and Great Britain had agreed to accept this report as a basis; Turkey vehemently denied this; and that question was submitted to the International Court at The Hague, which affirmed the power of the League to hold Turkey to its bargain.

The disputed territory, as will be seen by the accompanying map, is small in area, but it is important because it contains much oil, because its mountain range is a valuable military asset to the country which has it within its own boundary, and because its extremely mixed and partly wild races are a source of danger.

In addition to fixing the boundary the League's Council proposes that the British mandate shall be renewed for twenty-five years after its expiration in 1928. British opinion is by no means unanimous as to approving this proposal. There were violent protests in and out of Parliament when it was first broached. Presumably the Government thinks it desirable for the sake of peace and security, yet the Prime Minister was quoted only a few days ago as saying: "The Government believed that if Great Britain took the mandate for Irak it would expire far short of the maximum of the twenty-five years specified."

The subject came up in Parliament on December 21 on a broad proposal to indorse the Government's policy in principle. The motion was carried by a vote of 239 to 4, but the Labor members left the House before the debate, in protest against what they regarded as precipitate action. The Prime Minister's announcement that he was to meet the Turkish Minister at once with a view to reaching

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Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit

(Measure for Measure, Act III, Scene 2)

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune

THE DIFFERENCE IN PRICE LEVELS BETWEEN THE THINGS THE FARMER BUYS AND PRODUCTS HE SELLS.
THE FARMING INDUSTRY
FARM INCOME
FARM EXPENSES
YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW LOPSIDED HE'S GROWIN'.
YEP! BUT I DON'T THINK MEDICINE WOULD DO HIM MUCH GOOD!
FARMER
LEGISLATIVE MEDICINE
CONGRESS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Copyright, 1925 by the Chicago Tribune

If we could only coax old dobbin to stay off that side-hill pasture

From Mrs. G. A. Brauer, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Cargill in the Rockford (Illinois) Register-Gazette

In his father's footsteps!

From C. E. Phelps, Rockton, Ill.

Ray Evans in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

The old army game

From Rosellen De Voe, Columbus, Ohio

Chapin in the Toledo Times

The lion tamer—?

From Lester O. Bower, Bowling Green, Ohio

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Kirby in the New York World

Walking the floor with it

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

a friendly compromise was cheered. The question of Mosul will be fully discussed in the House of Commons after the holidays, probably in February.

The British reason for opposition to further responsibility for Irak is that it is too costly. The British taxpayer grumbles at spending $20,000,000 a year in addition to an enormous initial expense on a distant Eastern province when business and employment at home are in bad condition, is skeptical about future profit from the investment, and doubts the pressing importance of the international problem.

Doubtless the decision of the League Council was hastened by a report of General Laidoner, the Czechoslovakian officer who headed a second commission sent out to examine rumors of Turkish atrocities on the Mosul border. His statement, gained largely from talks with refugees, charges the Turks with horrible cruelties and slaughter of Chaldeans and Kurds as well as Christians.

It seems hardly possible that Turkey will challenge England to war by sending her army into Mosul. More likely she will accept certain financial and commercial advantages suggested in the League's award, and then bargain and clamor for larger and more definite compensation.

Is France Pulling Itself Together?

ONE of the ironies of history has been exhibited in the comparative value of French and German credit. The nation that ran amuck in Europe, devastated its neighbor's towns and fields, was nominally defeated at arms, repudiated its internal obligations, and skillfully avoided repairing the damage it did, has a higher credit to-day than the nation which was its victim but its conqueror.

According to certain common standards of success, the example of Germany was a good one to follow. Fortunately, those standards are not universally accepted. There is a moral sense in the world that prefers the record of devastated France to the record of unscathed Germany.

Nevertheless the future of France just now looks rather dark. Another Minister of Finance has fallen. Loucheur has been ousted and Doumer has taken his place. For the time being at least the franc has been saved from a precipitate plunge. Industrial leaders in France have been getting together to see what can be done to put the Government on a business basis. And there for the time being the matter rests.

Canada and the Pan-American Union

CANADA is not a member of the loose association of republics of North and South America known as the Pan-American Union. It was suggested the other day at the Pan-American Commercial Congress, an unofficial body, that she should become a member. This is not a new idea. It has been in the thought of some people, in fact, almost since the organization of the Union. It is reported that a chair bearing the Canadian seal was actually built, along with chairs for the United States and the Latin-American countries, ready to be placed at the big conference table in Washington where the members of the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union assemble in monthly meeting.

Circumstances have so changed since the proposal was first made that the chief obstacle to Canadian membership has largely disappeared. Canada's presence at the board would not imply, much less actually constitute, any disregard of the Monroe Doctrine, which has always been zealously defended by the United States. When Canada's admission to the Union—then known as the International Bureau of American Republics—was first broached, it would have been virtually tantamount to the admission of Great Britain. Now Canada's position in the British Commonwealth of Nations has so changed that no such reason against Canada's admission could be advanced to-day.

Canada's wishes concerning membership in the Pan-American Union are not known. The Canadian Government has never seriously considered the random suggestions that she join. There has been no clamoring on her part for admission, and it is not known whether she would receive favorably an invitation. The day will doubtless come when Canada will gladly become a member of the Pan-American Union; and she will then be warmly welcomed by the United States and the twenty other American republics. In the meantime the discussion of the subject can do no harm.

Of Interest to Business Men

IF the recommendations of the National Distribution Conference, held in Washington, are carried out, they should help greatly toward the establishment of a less wasteful system of distribution. The conferees, three hundred in num-

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ber, were business men with an earnest desire to improve the codes and practices of their calling, editors, economists, and trade association officials.

In order to arrive at a means for reducing costly fluctuations of price due to lack of co-ordination between the rate of production and the rate of consumption, the Conference determined to continue its study of the field of distribution and to advise the United States Department of Commerce of the need for separation of distribution expenses from production cost in its biennial census compilations. Business men were urged to familiarize themselves with the statistics of distribution prepared by the Federal Reserve Board and its regional banks and to co-operate in the development of this service. Trade associations, chambers of commerce, and other business organizations were called upon to uphold and to make more effective right principles of business conduct. Business organizations were urged, also, to provide means for the conciliation or arbitration of business disputes.

One of the most important resolutions adopted asked that the President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States appoint a "Joint Trade Relations Committee formed of representatives of manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, and the consuming public, to act as a clearing-house for complaints of objectionable and destructive practices and to promote such co-ordination as will effect economies and improve mutual relations." Some delegates, however, expressed a fear that the establishment of such a committee might run counter to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law.

A biennial enumeration of distribution agencies, to be made by the United States Bureau of the Census, was recommended. Secretary of Commerce Hoover suggested, however, that the work might be better done by a research organization created by and under control of the Conference itself.

The Conference declared that existing wastes in advertising are the result, in large part, of lack of marketing information and poor correlation of advertising with the sale of products. It recommended as a remedy a permanent Market Research Planning Commission.

Individual distributers were urged to educate consumers on the cost of service. Business men were asked to co-operate to repress dishonest business failures. The amended system of procedure of the Federal Trade Commission was commended.

The Conference called the attention of the Secretary of Commerce to the need for uniformity of weights and measures throughout the United States and for information of the public on the processes of distribution. Co-operation was pledged to advance uniformity in State legislation affecting distribution. Commercial bribery was condemned. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States was asked to determine the advisability of a comprehensive study of the effect of installment selling on the consuming public and on business.

It was agreed that large aggregations of capital "intelligently administered and under proper regulation are capable of rendering a valuable service and should not be discriminated against when their operations are in the public interest." The committee reporting on general conditions affecting distribution said that, while large-scale business cannot object to regulations which affect the public interest, "it can properly object to regulations in favor of less efficient competitors when such regulations imperil the existence or proper functioning of large-scale business."

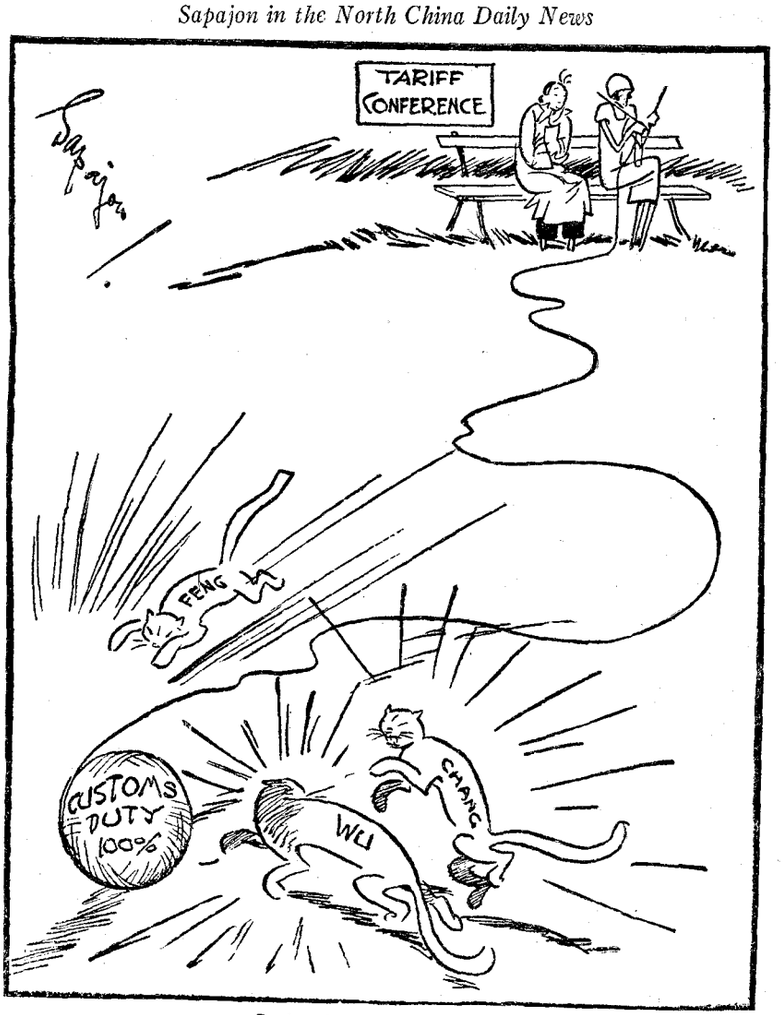
The Conference recommended to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States early consideration of the wisdom of suggesting amendments to the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the Clayton Act, and the Federal Trade Commission Act.

The Greatest Foe of Militarism in China

CHINA has been so long considered a model of pacifism that it is hard for the Western mind to realize that no country in the world is so dominated by the military as China is to-day. As a matter of fact, China has always been subject to the domination of military chiefs. In that respect China of the twentieth century is much like Europe of the Middle Ages.

What is significant in the present conflict between these military chiefs, or tuchuns, is that for the first time Chinese nationality has become an issue. Gen-

Sapajon in the North China Daily News



Such a lovely game of ball

(A view of Feng as seen in China)

From Louise Thompson, Shanghai, China

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eral Feng, the so-called Christian general, is really a leader in the expression of this nationalistic spirit. He is China's Cromwell, determined to make his country free of military domination within and foreign domination without. He is the incarnation of the unborn national self-consciousness, ready to punish unto death all who insist on keeping China in bondage.

And yet he is attacked, not only on the ground that, like other military chiefs, he seeks control of Chinese revenues, but also on the ground that he is friendly with the Russian Bolsheviki. He is denounced as a Red.

That he has been friendly with the Russians is undenied; but his friendliness with them is due to the fact that they have promised to help him in setting China free. It is from territory controlled by the Soviets that he can most easily get supplies. It is from Russia that the most practicable aid has come to those who are moved by the national spirit, which, because of China's past subjection to foreign Powers, is anti-foreign.

This does not mean, however, that Feng is Bolshevist or that he represents any large movement toward the Soviet idea. In fact, the Russians themselves know very well that China is not fertile ground for Bolshevist seeds. There is a Bolshevist center in China, and from this center Red ideas may in time spread farther. This center is the Southern Chinese Government at Canton. As Radek, the leading Russian Communist expert on foreign affairs, has said (in an article in the "Pravda" for the first of last September), "The Southern Government is the only government of workmen and peasants in China." It is controlled by the revolutionary party that had been founded by the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen. Originally merely republican, it has undergone an important evolution, and its left wing, composed mainly of intellectuals, has fallen into the hands of Communists. The Southern Government has confiscated pagodas, church property, and religious objects and sold them at public auction. It has imitated in many respects the methods of Moscow. It has also, as Radek acknowledges, become an important center of propaganda. There are the headquarters of the Sailors' Union, which covers southern China, Hawaii, the Philippines, and the adjoining British and Dutch colonies. But no one knows better than Radek and every Russian Bolshevist that the Southern Government is a comparatively uninfluential factor in the life of China. What Moscow is doing in China is not with any hope of making the conservative landowning Chinese into Bolshevists, but in order to whip up the anti-foreign feeling. That anti-foreign feeling was apparent in China long before the Communists entered the field. But the Communists contributed to the propagation of that feeling.

General Feng, therefore, is accepting all the help he can get from the Russian

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Feng, China's Christian General

Bolsheviki, not because he is a Bolshevist, but because he is a nationalist.

In the war that has been going on between Feng Hu-hsiang and Chang Tso-lin Chang, on the whole, represents a policy favorable to the Powers, especially Japan, while Feng represents the new anti-foreign feeling and embryonic patriotism of the Chinese. Indeed, if Feng's policy prevails, the effect will be injurious to the old military chieftains and a breakdown of Chinese militarism. Feng's army is the most efficient in China to-day. His soldiers are disciplined. His military camps are orderly. He represents the closest approach that any one in China has made to modern military methods. It is just because of that fact that he is the greatest menace to Chinese militarism there is. On the military field Feng stands for the very thing which in diplomacy the Chinese delegates at the conference with the foreign Powers are endeavoring to foster—the freedom of China from the domination of outsiders.

War and the Law

SOMETIMES war has been likened to dueling. It has been argued that as dueling has become antiquated and has been virtually abolished by the substitution of courts of law to which individuals can appeal for the settlement of disputes between them, so war can be made unnecessary and virtually abolished by the establishment of an international court to which governments can appeal for the settlement of international disputes. If war were but international dueling, then doubtless it could be replaced by courts, and there would be a chance for substituting "law for war." But since the Middle Ages war among civilized nations has seldom been merely international dueling; it has been in every great instance something much more fundamental.

The Napoleonic wars, for example, were not duels to settle international disputes. The issues were not issues of law. What happened during the Napoleonic period could never have been prevented by any court. Those wars were the product of the French Revolution, which in turn was the product of the rise of what we call democracy in the midst of privilege and oppression. Those wars were the forcible wiping out of inequalities, of unearned privileges, of little and big autocracies, all of them legally intrenched. There were, of course, involved in these wars incidental disputes between the nations, but they were not the causes of the wars. The so-called Civil War in this country was not a duel to settle a dispute between the States; if it had been, it would never have happened, for there was, as a matter of fact, a court set up for the very purpose of settling inter-State disputes. The United States Supreme Court did not prevent the War of Secession, because the issue was not one subject to legal settlement. The World War was not for the settlement of a dispute between the nations. There was no dispute whatever as to the legal right and wrong of Germany's action. The German Government itself acknowledged that it was committing a legal wrong. About that there was absolutely no dispute whatever. Those who seek to justify Germany do so on extra-legal grounds. The Allies were engaged not in any attempt to settle a dispute, but in a

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desperate resistance to an enterprise that they would have resisted just as desperately if it had had the sanction of law.

If this country joins the Permanent Court of International Justice, as it should, under proper safeguards, it ought not to do so under any misapprehension. By joining such a court it will not abolish war. It will not even greatly lessen the chance that it will in some future exigency be involved in war. Some wars may be prevented by court decisions, but not all wars. If great wars are to be prevented, it must be by other than merely legal means. If, for example, what the Russian Bolsheviki stand for should become a great world force, no court could settle the issue between the fanatics who believe in it and the lovers of liberty who would resist it to the death.

The cause of the International Court does not need to be buttressed by illusions. It is sufficiently strong to stand on its solid merits. Those who lead others to expect of it what it cannot give are merely inviting disappointment. America should join the Court for what it is, and not for what it is not. It is not a substitute for war. It is a means for determining and supporting legal rights.

Diplomacy, arbitration, education of public opinion, and power mustered in the interest of peace and against aggression are the chief resources of the nations in the prevention of war. Nothing can take the place of the will to peace; and when that is reinforced with power it can prevent war. Nothing else can.

The determination of the legal rights of nations, the decision of what is just under international law, is an end in itself, and to that end the United States should lend the weight of its approval to the World Court.

A Plague on Both Your Houses!

THE public in general and consumers of anthracite (at such times as they can get it) in particular are out of patience with both the war factions in the coal strike. The leaders do not act like men who want to settle a dispute. Whenever a move for conference is suggested, whether by Governor Pinchot, or the business men and mayors of the coal field, or by clergymen who know the deprivations among the poor, or even by humble press men who strive in vain to convince miners and operators that the public has rights and interests, forthwith the leaders on one side or the other declare that conference is impossible unless this or that is agreed upon or ruled out before conference.

What is conference for if not to iron out difficulties? If permanent high profits and high wages could be insured in advance, the other matters could be adjusted in a day. These people, labor leaders and operators' leaders, do not act as if they were in earnest. They say "Peace, peace," but there is no peace in their hearts—only victory at the consumers' expense.

"A plague on both your houses!" says the disgusted public. "We must and will look elsewhere for relief. We must use other kinds of fuel than hard coal this winter, as a majority of people in America do always; and if Congress does not follow the suggestion of the President to act upon the recommendations of the Coal Commission of 1923, then we must settle down to permanent use of other fuel and emancipation from the dictation of anthracite magnates and labor union leaders."

Shakespeare in a New Dress

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

I SUPPOSE that a greater volume of comment, criticism, and interpretation has been written and spoken about the plays and poems of Shakespeare than about any other body of literature that has ever been produced by man with the exception of that collection of prose and poetry which we call the Bible. Every aspect of Shakespeare and his works has been so discussed and rediscussed that it sometimes seems as if not only the subject but the world at large had been exhausted. All that Shakespeare wrote and did, so far as the world could discover it, has been analyzed to the last particular in the laboratory of criticism.

But just as the play-going and play-reading world had come to regard the genius of Shakespeare as a fixed quantity, like a chemical element in the universe, some original in England conceived the happy idea of presenting one of the most mysterious and inexplicable plays of Shakespeare in modern dress, and we now have Hamlet clad in a dinner coat and smoking a cigarette; Horatio sporting a Burberry ulster and a Henry Heath fedora hat; Polonius decked out in a swallow-tail, white waistcoat, and monocle; the Queen of Denmark and Ophelia charmingly arrayed in evening gowns by Poiret; and an automatic pistol substituted for the conventional sword in the unintentional assassination of Ophelia's father. Thus the discussion of Shakespeare's motives, purposes, and subtleties, which after blazing for more than two hundred years had about burned out, has flared up again.

I went the other night to see this modern version of "Hamlet," which is now being played in New York. It is excellently well done and deserves a better public support than it is receiving, for it is an interesting and entertaining spectacle and the play-goer realizes as never before, perhaps—I did, at any rate—that Shakespeare was a human being, like the rest of us, and not a mysterious and miraculous kind of supergenius. The fact is that human nature is in itself a miracle which we do not understand and cannot explain. To try to make towering specimens like Abraham Lincoln and William Shakespeare *sports,* in the biological sense of that word—that is to say, inexplicable and spontaneous variations from the normal type—really detracts from their greatness. When you see "Hamlet in Modern Dress," you see Shakespeare as he really was, a playwright and theatrical manager who wrote for the box-office and not for posterity. His transcendent genius appears in his knowledge of human nature, its passions, its vices, its virtues—in his comprehension of life and his unsurpassed literary expression of that life. He paid little attention to what the sophisticated call the dramatic unities. He thought little about the laws of time and space and geography. What he wanted to do was to hold his audiences spellbound over the tragedies and set them rocking with laughter over the humors of life as he saw it all about him. If he could do this by introducing a couple of English peasants as gravediggers into a Danish historical romance and melodrama, he did it without thinking much about inconsistencies and anachronisms. This aspect of his dra-

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matic art shows itself very clearly in a dinner-coated Hamlet. We fail to see it in the conventional Hamlet, because the whole thing is archaic and the grave-diggers seem as natural as Hamlet himself.

It is a pity that the audiences which have seen "Hamlet in Modern Dress" have not been larger. I suppose the highbrows fight shy of it because it is modern and the lowbrows because it is ancient. As a matter of fact, it is rattling good melodrama of the "unhand me, villain," type, with this supreme advantage, however—it was written by an incomparable master of literary style and imagination.

I should be sorry to have it supposed from these casual comments on the common humanity and modernity of Shakespeare that I am small and presumptuous enough to try to belittle him. Not at all. I am trying to defend him from that kind of mistaken scholarship which has so set him apart from ordinary life that many intelligent men and women grow up with the idea that he is incomprehensible. Unfortunately, this is the influence that a certain kind of scholarship has had upon all classical literature. The Bible has suffered from it as much as Shakespeare. It might not be a bad thing for some daring innovator to give us the story of Esther or the story of David on the stage, not in modern language, but in modern dress. Both are melodramatic, but very human. I could not write a scenario to save my life, but perhaps Mr. Will Hays might find some one to make a moving picture out of the life of David. It would certainly be very moving, not merely in the technical sense, but in its effect on the emotions. David's fight with Goliath, his friendship for Jonathan, his poignant lament over the death of his son Absalom, and his love affair with the beautiful Bathsheba run the gamut of human experience. One may imagine Shakespeare as being tempted to try his hand at the dramatization of the life of David but being estopped by the thought of the effect which the theological prejudices of the day might have upon his box-office receipts.

On coming home from "Hamlet in Modern Dress" I was interested to see what two of the wisest critics who have ever written in the English language had to say about Shakespeare—Dr. Johnson and Emerson. In the general index of John Murray's edition of Boswell, published in London in 1835, Shakespeare is mentioned twenty-four times. One of Johnson's lesser-known works is his edition of Shakespeare, of which Mrs. Thrale said: "It is observable in his preface to Shakespeare, that while other critics expatiate on the creative powers and vivid imagination of that matchless

Maurice Goldberg. Courtesy Bonwit Teller & Co.

Helen Chandler, who plays the part of Ophelia in "Hamlet in Modern Dress"

poet, Dr. Johnson commends him for giving so just a representation of human manners." Of this same preface Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," observed that it was the most manly piece of criticism that was ever published in any country. Dr. Johnson was not always just to French culture and literature, but he certainly hit the mark one day when, in discussing the French drama, he remarked that "Corneille is to Shakespeare as a clipped hedge is to a forest."

The humanity of Shakespeare impressed itself also upon Emerson, as these sentences of his indicate: "Who saw Milton, who saw Shakespeare, saw them do their best and utter their whole heart manlike among their brethren." "An omnipresent humanity co-ordinates all his faculties." "Some able and appreciating critics think no criticism on Shakespeare valuable that does not rest purely on the dramatic merit. . . . I think as highly as these critics of his dramatic merit, but still think it secondary. He was a full man, who liked to talk; a brain exhaling thoughts and images, which, seeking vent, found the drama next at hand. Had he been less, we should have had to consider how well he filled his place, how good a dramatist he was—and he is the best in the world. But it turns out that what he has to say is of that weight as to withdraw some attention from the vehicle."

Dinner coats and revolvers cannot destroy what Shakespeare has to say. In some respects I think they help it, for they prove the truth of what Emerson asserts, that the vehicle is secondary and that the essential is Shakespeare himself.

To discourse on "Hamlet" without alluding to the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy would be singular, or at least unfashionable. A small but vociferous group of persons tell us that we cannot believe in Shakespeare because his origin was so humble and his education so limited. Perhaps three hundred years hence literary skeptics of the same type of mind will assert that Lincoln could not have written the Second Inaugural or the Gettysburg Speech and prove by ingenious ciphers that they were the work of Charles Sumner. Moreover, the Baconians argue that if Shakespeare the obscure play-actor had been Shakespeare the supreme playwright the records of his external life could not have been so fragmentary and meager as they are. This argument is sometimes a poser, I confess. But only yesterday I stumbled on a concise and, for me at least, conclusive answer. In a somewhat haphazard reading of an essay on George Borrow by Theodore Watts-Dunton I came across the following comment on Shakespeare—a kind of *obiter dictum:*

> In these days no lives, as a rule, are less adventurous, none, as a rule, less

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tinged with romance, than the lives of those who attain eminence in the world of letters. . . . Perhaps one reason why we have almost no record of what the greatest of all writing men was doing in the world is that while his friends were elbowing the tide of life in the streets of London, or fighting in the Low Countries, or carousing at the Mermaid Tavern, or at the Apollo Saloon, he was filling every moment with work—work which enabled him, before he reached his fifty-second year, to build up that literary monument of his, that edifice which made the monuments of the others, his contemporaries, seem like the handiwork of pygmies.

The Film Trust vs. the Government

IN The Outlook of November 25 I outlined the main points in the Government's brief in the Federal Trade Commission's investigation of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and allied moving-picture corporations. Counsel for the Government commission charged the moving-picture corporations (and Adolph Zukor, head of the Famous Players in particular) with an attempt at the monopoly of the motion-picture industry and of coercion, intimidation, and conspiracy for the restraint of trade.

The brief for Zukor and the Famous Players admits that they control the best theaters and make the best pictures and that Zukor is a dominating figure in the industry, but specifically denies the other charges. The defense counsel says that it is true that the Famous Players Company is commercializing art and making it pay dividends, but he puts the question, "What of it?"

Inasmuch as the Famous Players defense brief covers 970 pages, it will only be possible here to state briefly the eight points of the defense argument:

1. A denial that the Famous Players Company or its constituent corporations now have or have ever had any semblance of a monopoly. In 1924 the total estimated admissions to movie theaters aggregated $540,000,000, with the total film rentals reaching $155,000,000. "Naturally," it says, "this growth has been attended by some confusion, and the previous experiences of many of those who were prominent in its early stages, coupled with the temperamental character of the business, has made for intense and bitter competition." To-day, however, the industry is approaching stabilization and its larger units have obtained a position fairly comparable with those in other industries. The brief admits that the Famous Players Corporation is predominant in the production of pictures, but reasons that this is because it controls the best directors and the best executive and dramatic skill, and asks the question, "When was it a crime to surpass others in quality?" The enormous growth in the manufacturing cost of feature films was illustrated by the following statements: "In 1912 the average cost of a feature film was $8,000, while 'The Covered Wagon' of recent years cost $800,000. The average cost of the ordinary feature picture during the past two or three years has been about $200,000." Exceptional cases were cited—*e. g.*, "The Ten Commandments," $1,600,000; and "The Thief of Bagdad," $2,000,000. These increases are attributed to intense competition.

2. Contention that a motion-picture producer may lawfully sell his product direct and own the facilities for such sale, as do Ford and certain other manufacturers in marketing their products. The Government's reply brief, however, states that it has no objection to producers selling direct, but that no producers or combination of them should be permitted to corner any section, and that in the moving-picture field the South and other sections are controlled by the respondents.

3. That the only conspiracy shown in the records is one against the Famous Players Company, and not one by them. The "real monopoly," it claims, is composed of a combination of so-called "independents," who have combined against the Famous Players Company, but with whom "counsel for the Commission brazenly links arms." Instead of the attempt of the Famous Players Company to stifle the First National Company, it claims that in reality the First National Company was trying to stifle the Famous Players.

4. Denial of the use of unfair or coercive measures in the acquisition of theaters or in the sale of pictures. If any unfairness was practiced, it was only the local field of exhibition, and does not come under the Inter-State Commerce Act, and therefore the Commission has no jurisdiction. Zukor was characterized as being conspired against by his bitterest enemies, and he was likened to Edison, Ford, and others as being a man of vision and the savior of the movie industry.

5. It admits "block booking" (that is, the necessity of buying all the pictures or none), but claims that it does not adversely affect meritorious competitive pictures.

6. Mary Pickford's testimony is called "utterly false." "Inasmuch as Zukor had paid Miss Pickford $2,000,000 for two years' work," counsel says, "Would he then offer the actress a measly $250,000 to quit the pictures for all time?"

7. Denial that the Famous Players Company has close connections with Marcus Loew or the First National Company other than minor mutual relations as customers and minor stockholders in an inconsequential number of theaters.

8. That the desire of the Commission's counsel that the Famous Players Company be forced to sell its theaters cannot be granted, as it exceeds the authority of the Federal Trade Commission to issue such an order.

To an outsider it seems that the defense of the moving-picture people consists of many evasions of the Government charges. For example, they seek to prove that they control only a very small percentage of the country's movie theaters. This is a quibble in terms, for the Government's contention is that they control the first-run theaters. It is of little importance whether or not they control the majority of small picture houses. Also the percentages arrived at by the Famous Players Company take no account of the large business of the other moving-picture corporations with which the Government claims Mr. Zukor and the Famous Players have acquired influential control. Though this is denied by the defense, it seems to be quite well established by the Government.

The hearing has now degenerated into a denunciation by both sides of the opposing counsels. It is also noticeable that some of the members of the Federal Trade Commission are not satisfied with the preparation of the case by the Commission's counsel. On the other hand, the Commission has taken official cognizance of its chief counsel's petition to reopen the investigation, and has set January 6 as the date for the new evidence. At that time the Government promises to show evidence of further conspiracy and promiscuous theater buying since the close of the testimony taken in 1924.

It is impossible to foretell when a decision will be handed down, but all indications point away from any definite action toward the curtailment of the so-called film trust.

E. W. M.

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Two New National Parks?

You can have them if you want them, as the map on this page shows. The proposed parks lie close to the thickly populated sections of the East, the South, and the Middle West. One lies close to the National capital itself. Ask your Congressman if he will help

UNDER the shadow of a great telescope a man with a microscope may also be unfolding new worlds.

Thousands of discoverers followed Columbus and Balboa. When did the first white man see Niagara Falls, the big trees of California, the Yellowstone Geysers, and Ausable Chasm?

Has everything been fully discovered in the United States? I guess not. A Commission of five men, appointed by the Secretary of the Interior, last year, with powers to hunt for a National Park in the Southeast, found *two* which were unknown and might have remained "unheralded and unsung" if the old spirit of exploration had not spurred them on.

Timber cutters cruised the areas, but their views were commercial. A good many hunters had pursued game in both areas; but the impelling adventure was evidently the chase and the kill, for they did not pay much more attention to the remarkable scenery than did the dogs they were following.

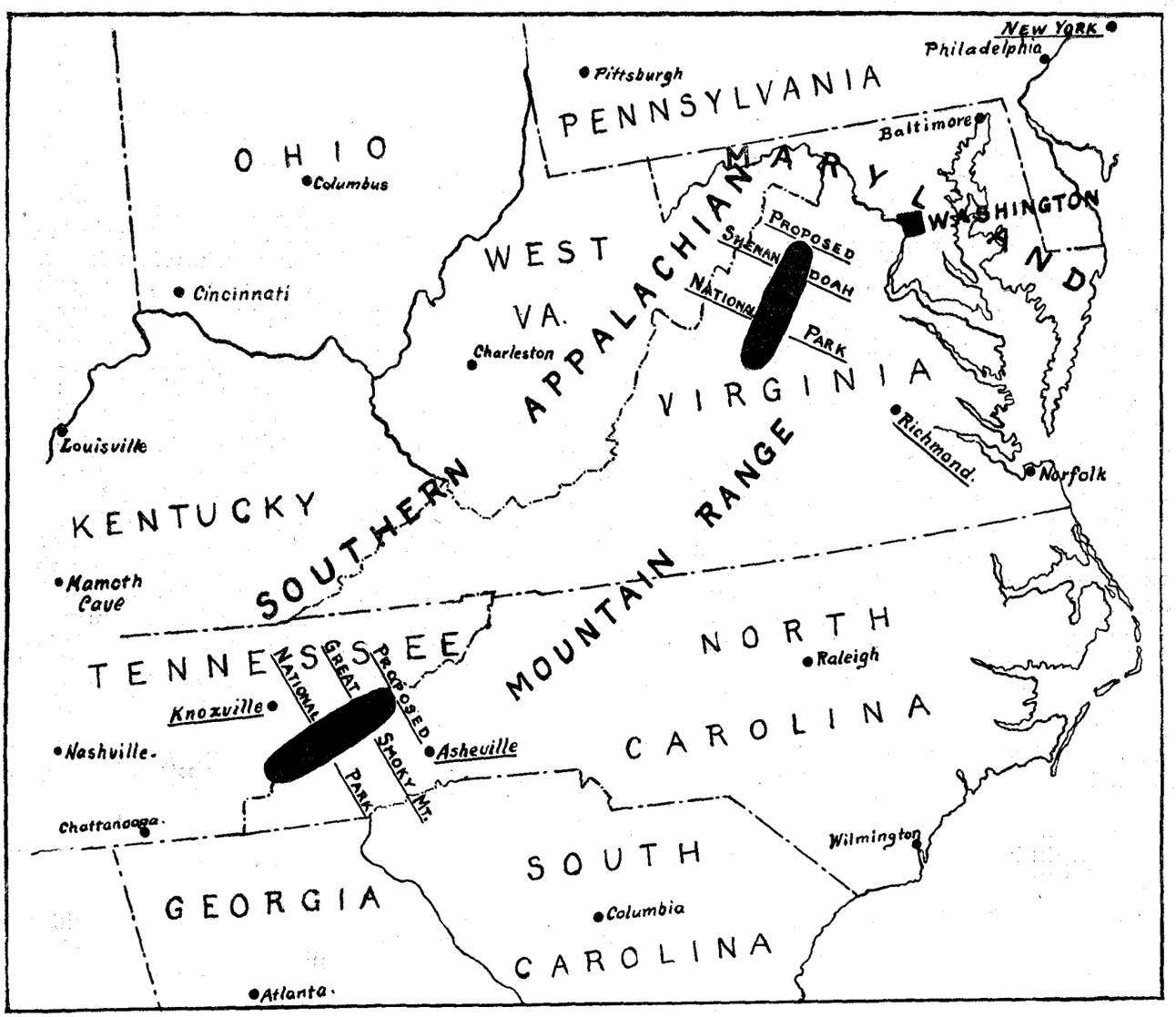
This Commission composed of five National Park "experts" were of all men most skeptical before they put on their canvas clothes and started to examine a few suggested "Parks."

We Americans hunt oil because we want oil, and, by George, we find it! We want one or two places worthy to be called National Parks in the East, and we find them.

One contains about 600 square miles in Virginia, only 75 miles from Washington, D. C.; it is a part of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and we have suggested the name of the Shenandoah National Park.

The other contains about the same area, lies partly in Tennessee and partly in North Carolina, and we have called it the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Stephen T. Mather, Director of the National Park Service, under the wise



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supervision of Dr. Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior, manages all of the National Parks in the country.

Secretary Work is the first cause of our seeking for Eastern Parks, and he remains our persistent adviser. He never loses sight of the greatness of the benefits to future generations. Mr. Mather seconds him with all his power.

If you ever get the blues and think our Government is corrupt and inefficient, just take a look at the National Park Service under Work and Mather. You will find a hard-working economical crew with a high average interest in serving the public. They are protecting our property, that we and our descendants may enjoy it.

If we can save these two Eastern areas and turn them over to the National Park Service, it will make them accessible by roads to scenery and by-paths to the virgin forests. It will restock them with native game, so that elk, deer, and buffalo can again be seen in herds in the East.

It will protect the wonderful flowering shrubs and the greatest collection of rare plant life in America.

You say, "Why not leave them alone, why make roads?" Because forty million American people who live within a twelve-hour journey of these high and cool areas need the outdoor life they can give, and because the lumbermen are daily cutting the remaining trees in these small areas of virgin forest.

The Almighty makes beautiful forms combined with beautiful faces, and we marvel and admire. If either the form or the face is tampered with, we lose interest.

God made the mountain *form* and covered it with a *face* of beautiful plant life. Most of the forests have been cut down by man; but here we find several places where the faces of splendid mountains still blossom in all their virgin beauty.

We are a spendthrift nation; but not a wholly idiotic people to sacrifice scenic gems to the ax of the woodsman, who himself makes little, if any, profit. He is only cutting because it is his business to cut so long as there are trees standing.

One reason that China is a decadent, famine-stricken country is because *individual interest* has gradually consumed the trees and left the surface barren. One reason that India has hundreds of abandoned dams and water reservoirs is because the mud has washed down from deforested areas and filled them full of earth.

Our own great water reservoirs in the West are slowly filling up with mud, largely because our talk about reforestation is, so far, principally talk.

The brightest prospect of modern business and social life lies in the expected development of electricity by water power. But we cannot store muddy water; it fills the reservoirs, and the expense of removing the mud may be too great.

How can we keep the water clear? By keeping a plant-life cover on all unused land.

Where the area is a scenic gem turn it over to the Nation for a museum, a playground, and the National Park Service will protect the plant-life cover.

Where the area is just area turn it over to the National Forest Service, and, if backed by Congress and managed not so much by foresters as by *reforesters*, then the plant-life cover will be grown

The Park-Hunting Commission at Work

Right to left—Harlan P. Kelsey, Mayor William A. Welch, Colonel Glenn Smith, the Hon. H. W. Temple, William C. Gregg

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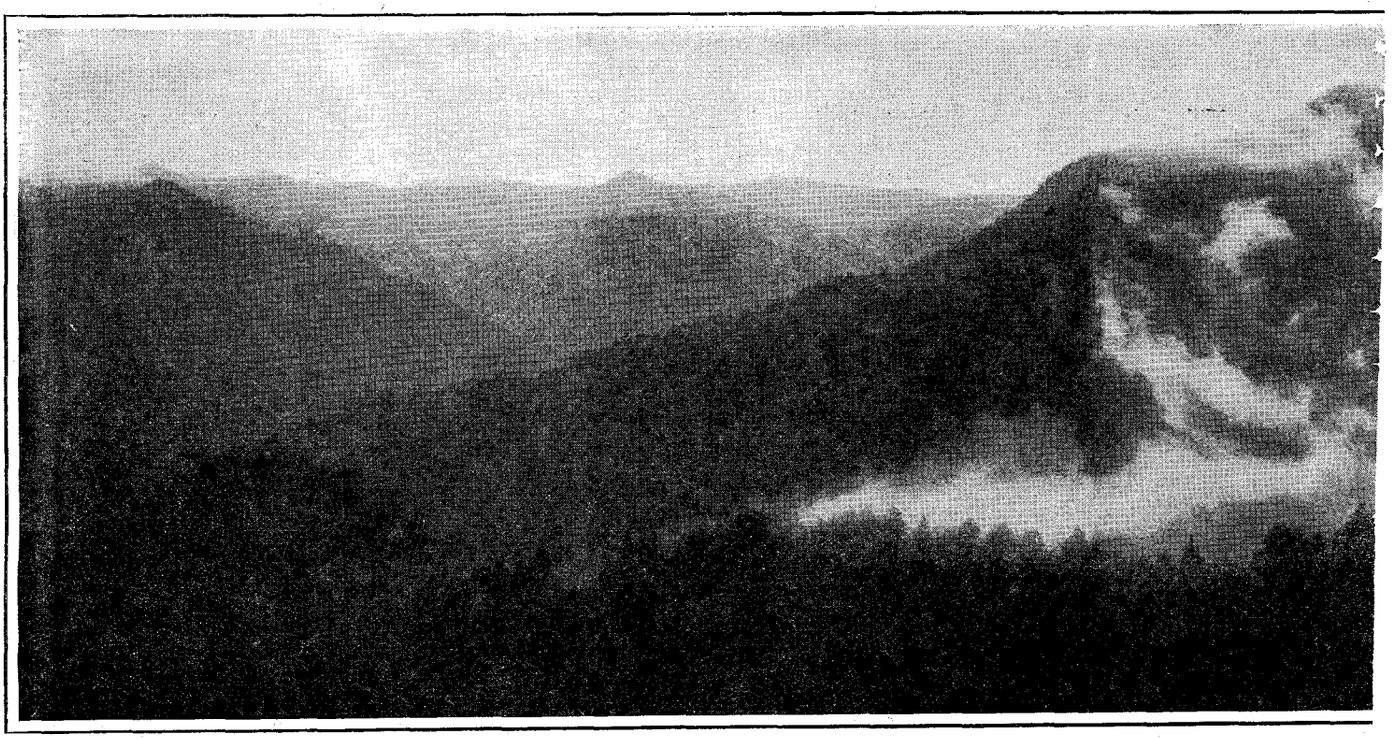
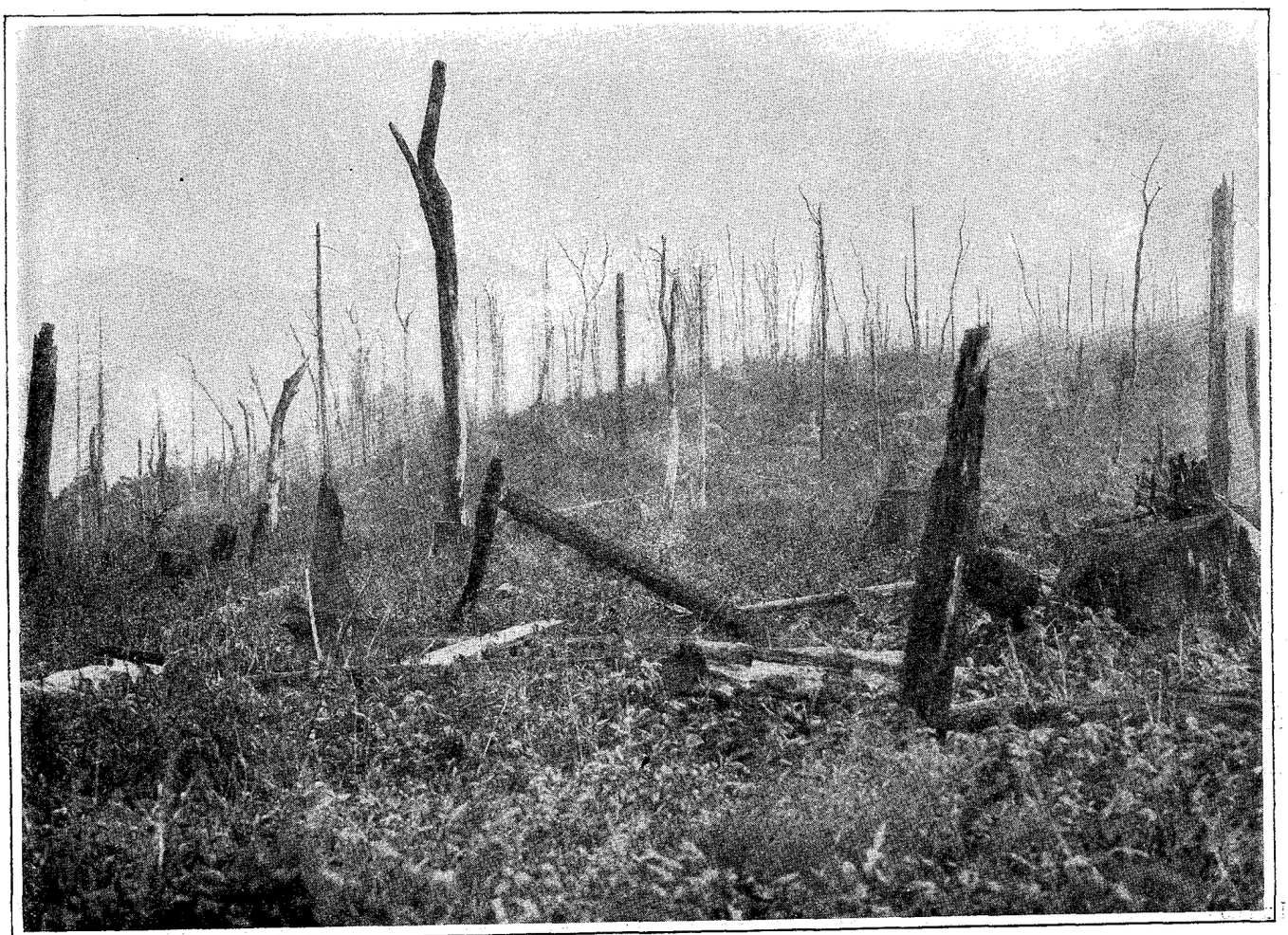


A panorama in the Southern Appalachians—One of th



Ax and fire—Cut-over land after some smoker or hunter has burned it. It represents the second stage towards the utter destruction of the land

Three Pictures Tell the

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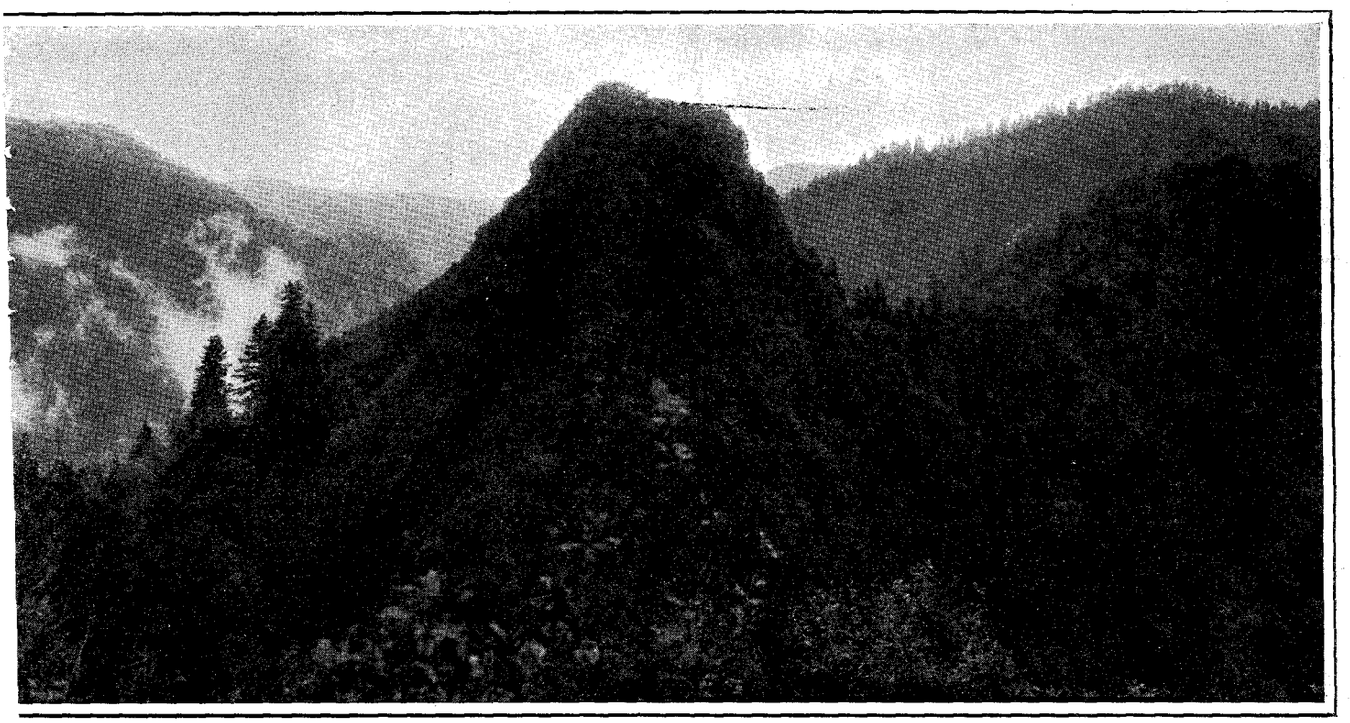

iews of virgin forests in high and rugged mountains

Erosion—This is a view in the Tennessee foothills of the Great Smoky Mountains. During the year 1926 hundreds of tons of soil will be washed down into the Tennessee River from the area in this picture

y of Forest Destruction

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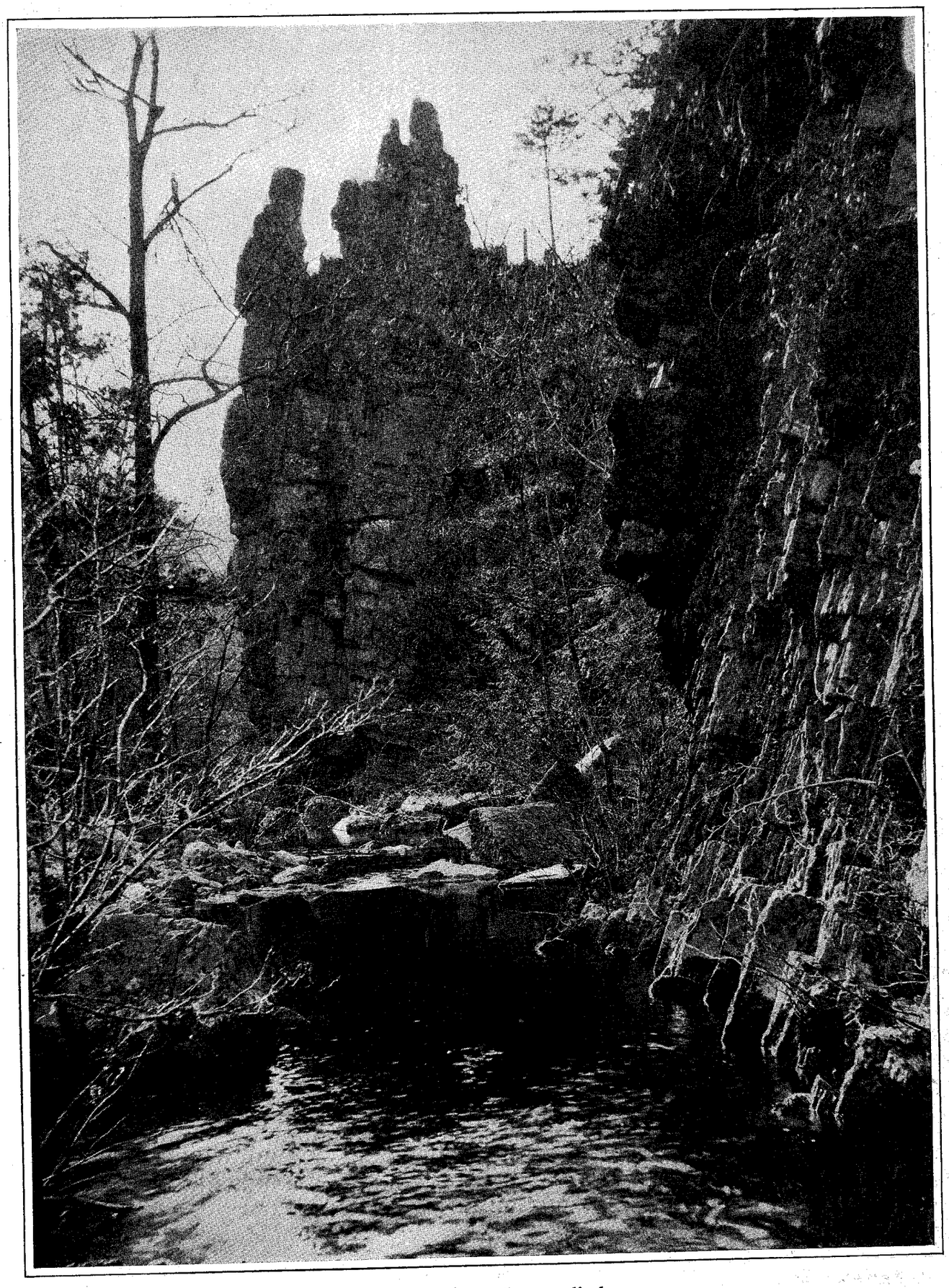

Plenty of rocks challenge climbers

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and the water flowing from it will be clear.

These proposed parks are the two most conspicuous areas in the East as to scenery, trees, and plant life.

It may be admitted that they are second to the West in rugged grandeur, but they are first in beauty of woods, in thrilling fairyland glens, and in the warmth of Mother Nature's welcome.

When Park roads enable you to motor to the highest points, which our Commission only reached on foot, when you can get an unobstructed view where we had to climb trees to see, you may argue that the vistas from these tops are finer than those of the West.

Dr. Work, being a physician as well as an administrator, thinks of these Parks in terms of outdoor health of Eastern America.

Our Commission, being composed of practical men, thinks with him also of the business, social, and political advantages of the mingling of the North with the South, of the West with the East.

Surely democracy can have no better school-room than a National Park where all meet as equals to learn and enjoy.

Can we get them? Ah! there's the rub. We can if the two classes most interested will do their share:

First, the class which will benefit financially by the tourist travel.

Second, the class that travels, especially people of means.

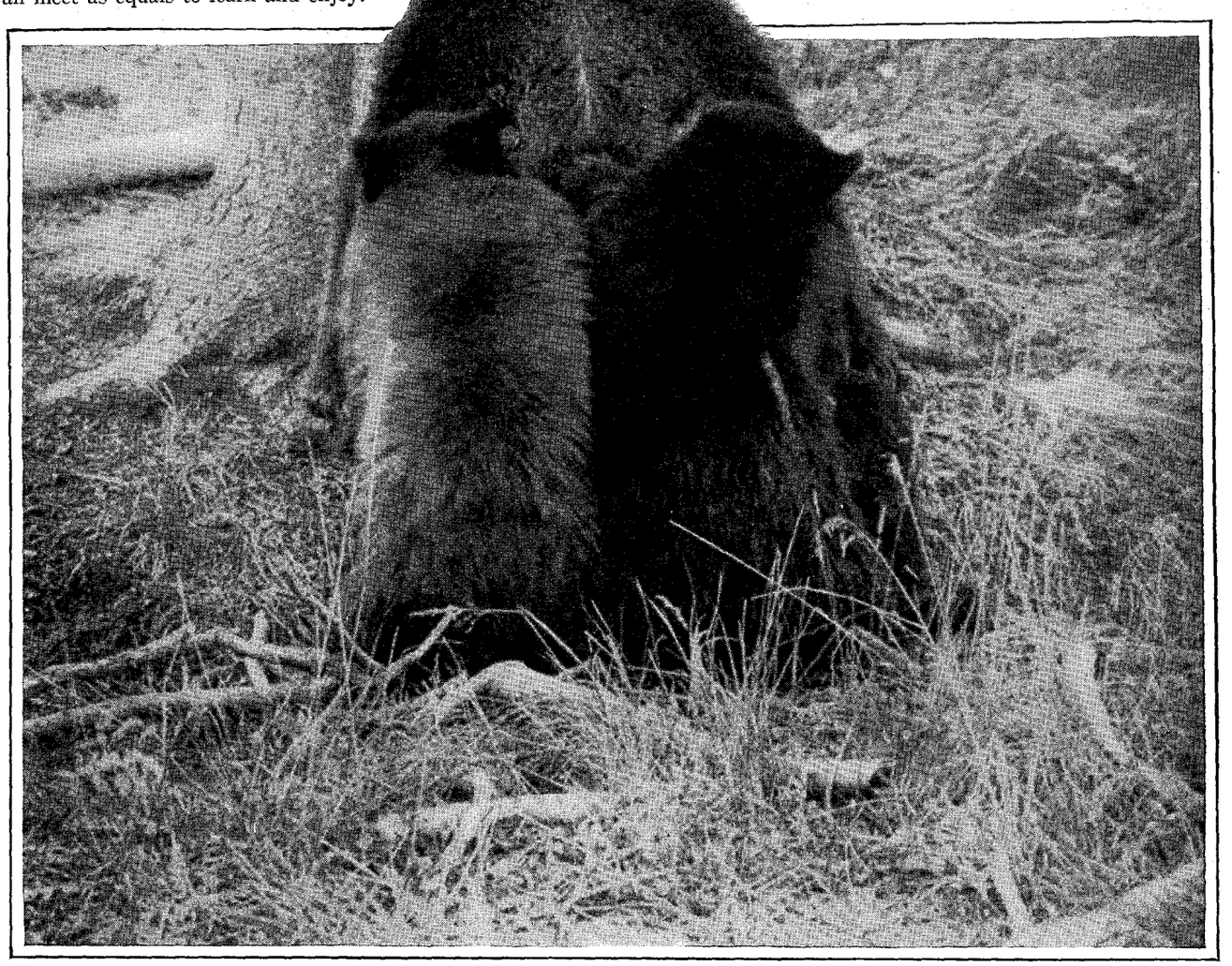
The plan offered by Secretary Work and our Commission is for the two areas to be presented to Congress by the States in which they are located; for that purpose money is being solicited from the people of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. Very soon the campaign will be extended to the rest of the United States.

Somebody once said of the people of Kentucky that they were "either minors or majors."

So we are all interested either because we live in one of these National Park States or we are travelers planning to visit them.

If the Congress is confronted with a great free-will offering of these areas, it will undoubtedly accept and develop them. No, it will not lead to the multiplication of Eastern National Parks. From Secretary Work down to the park rangers, there is no desire for *quantity*. The only call is to maintain the National Park *quality*. These two proposed parks are three hundred miles apart. They are each about sixty miles long by ten miles wide. They contain no towns, no railroads, no industries of importance. They look down on the surrounding valleys from a ridge elevation of 3,500 feet in Virginia and 4,500 feet in North Carolina and Tennessee. (These figures can both be increased in special places.) They have splendid glens, waterfalls, and rock formations. Their like will hardly be found elsewhere in the East.

WILLIAM C. GREGG.



(C) Haynes, St. Paul

A National Park family. Protection of forests and game makes possible such photographs as this

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The Kind of Co-operation that Will Afford Farm Relief

By Don C. Seitz

PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE in his recent address, in which he strove to convey some consolation to the farmers of America, urged closer co-operation among them, the building of bigger barns, and the holding of crops for better markets. In short, he wished them to adopt the methods of the trusts and combines. Farmers and workmen being exempt from the operations of the anti-trust laws, there was no impropriety in the advice. Its weakness lies in the fact that it will not work, and that, if it did, great hardship would result to the consumers of the country.

All wealth comes from the soil or the sea. Part is derived from the reproductive powers of nature; part from looting the storehouses of the earth. The first is perpetual, the second destructive. We capitalize the mines and oil wells, but their end is zero. Not so the soil and sea. Therefore the farm does not require anything in the nature of a sinking fund or amortizing of profits to cover its exhaustion. In this respect the farmer is the most advantageously situated capitalist. He can feed himself, his family, and his stock, and be therefore invincible against economic disaster, to which other investors are exposed. Where the farmer fails is when he neglects this fundamental and strives, as the cotton, wheat, and corn growers do, to make one crop care for all his requirements. This brings him the need of money and all the incidental embarrassments, if prices are low and his necessities high—as they all too often are.

It is to remedy the situation of such as these that farm blocs foment in Congress and fracture the peace of parties. The one-crop men are the problem. That they should, and could, diversify goes without saying. To acquire prosperity, however, means the marketing of a surplus beyond the needs of the farm, whether the crops grown be one or many. The farmer needs a bank account, or feels the need of it, even if bins and cellar be full and the family fat. How can he get it?

Certainly not by the President's proposed method. Seven million five hundred thousand farmers and their families cannot combine to hold up the other two-thirds of the populace, who could be made the victims of extortion beyond that forced by owners and miners upon the consumers of coal. Nothing more cruel could be devised than an agrarian monopoly. Were it possible to perfect such a thing, the results would be horrible. The usual farmer is not a man of much mercy. The only person who ever refused me a cup of water was a farmer.

Yet without him the world would starve. Synthetic food products are not refreshing. "The same thing" is never as good as the original. We need the farmer, therefore, much more than he needs us, but fail lamentably to appreciate the fact. Henry George fought land monopoly for fear it would become the greatest source of economic oppression. Fortunately, his imaginings have not come true, else we might have hungry hordes pillaging the farms, as has happened more than once in Europe, where the farmer does co-operate and oppress.

But our farmer has a just grievance that can and should be remedied. To do it requires co-operation, not on the part of the farmer, but of the community. This he seldom or never gets. I mean by this that, instead of asking the farmer to combine and hold up the community, the community should combine and uphold the farmer. It would require actuarial accomplishments far beyond my own to figure out the extent to which overhead is piled upon the products of the soil. There is enough wool in the fleece of the average sheep to make a suit of clothes. For this, at present prices, the sheep grower would receive $3.50. Yet the commonest suit the farmer buys would cost him $35, and the city man, to order, from $50 to $125. The rest is the in-between. This rides the sheep pretty hard.

Of course industrial factors cannot be fairly quoted in support of my suggestion as to co-operation, though there is a chance for improvement here. The big thing for community co-operation lies in handling the food supply. Not long ago I was shocked at the poor showing made in wealth-growing by my old town in Maine. The local bank cashier said that there was nothing strange about it. "I sent away from this town last year," he said, "$189,000 for stuff that could have been raised here."

He meant by this money expended for grain, fruit, vegetables, meat, milk, and poultry products; or, briefly, the things required for daily food.

All the co-operation in the world would have done the farmers of the town no good. It would probably have made their plight worse, and certainly have added immeasurably to their unpopularity. There are just about 189 farmers in the town. Supposing the community had co-operated and by a decent merchandising system distributed the $189,000 among the farmers of the town. What would have happened? For one thing, the vast friction of handling and financing would have been avoided and one hundred per cent of the money remained at home. Instead of skinning his wood lot to get ready money, the farmer would have it for his products, now miserably marketed, and, to a considerable extent, sent away at low prices. One thousand dollars per year per farmer, plus the living provided by the farm, would make him the most prosperous and contented of men.

This is true co-operation, the kind that should be studied and worked out. The affluent agriculturists of Berks, York, and Lancaster Counties in Pennsylvania are not rich because they are "Pennsylvania Dutch," but because the communities of Reading, York, Hanover, and Lancaster support the adjacent farms. The morning markets in Lancaster are something to behold. Here the choicest food products are offered at moderate prices. Pocketbooks and stomachs are alike distended. The community co-operates with the farmer to his great advantage and its own. What is done here could be done elsewhere.

But I do not urge that it be through street markets, but by the merchants. How easy it would be for these gentlemen, instead of roaring as Lions or whizzing as Rotarians, to get together and decide to treat the farmer decently, to give him real money instead of "store credit" for his products, if they only would, and how amazingly beneficial the results would be all around!

How easy it would be for such co-operators to get together and check up their requirements—how many pounds of meat; how much milk, butter, and cheese; how many bushels of wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, beans, peas, pears,

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peaches; how many dozen eggs; how much poultry, the town requires, and apportion this by requisition among the adjacent farms, each according to its capacity! How joyously the farmers would come to welcome a regular market and cash pay, as against a measly credit, too often taken up in inferior goods at outrageous prices! How the community would rejoice at fresh food "right off the farm"!

Quit treating him as a jay to be plucked or as a fool to be beguiled. Do something real for him, besides getting him further into debt.

UTOPIA is not impossible. What greater guerdon of prosperity could be given than such a process of co-operation? What finer form of civilized life is there than prosperous towns centered amid prosperous farms, linked up by good roads and motor transport? The social isolation of the farmer is gone. His economic isolation should follow.

The task belongs to the community, and not to the tiller of the soil. It will in the end be the greatest gainer, but he in turn will have a just reward. Let us away with the quack remedies of tariffs, legislation, farm banks, and other forms of so-called aid that only perpetuate peonage. Let the Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade quit talking to the farmers through their hats, and do it through their pockets. Then, and then alone, can the soil be given its due and the community remain even more secure in its own.

Power from the Heights

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe puts on his climbing boots and sends us some news from the Alps

TO her alarm, Switzerland saw recently how war could deprive her of coal.

Unfortunately, Switzerland has no coal mines. To get this commodity she has to pay every year immense sums to foreign countries, chiefly to Germany.

Henceforth so far as most of her railway fuel is concerned those sums will remain in Switzerland. The utilization of water power in hydraulic force, developing electrical energy, is replacing coal, and is thus a savings bank for Switzerland.

One of the latest enterprises of this sort is that of Barberine, east of Mont Blanc and just this side of the French frontier. Barberine lies above Châtelard, on the Martigny-Chamonix line.

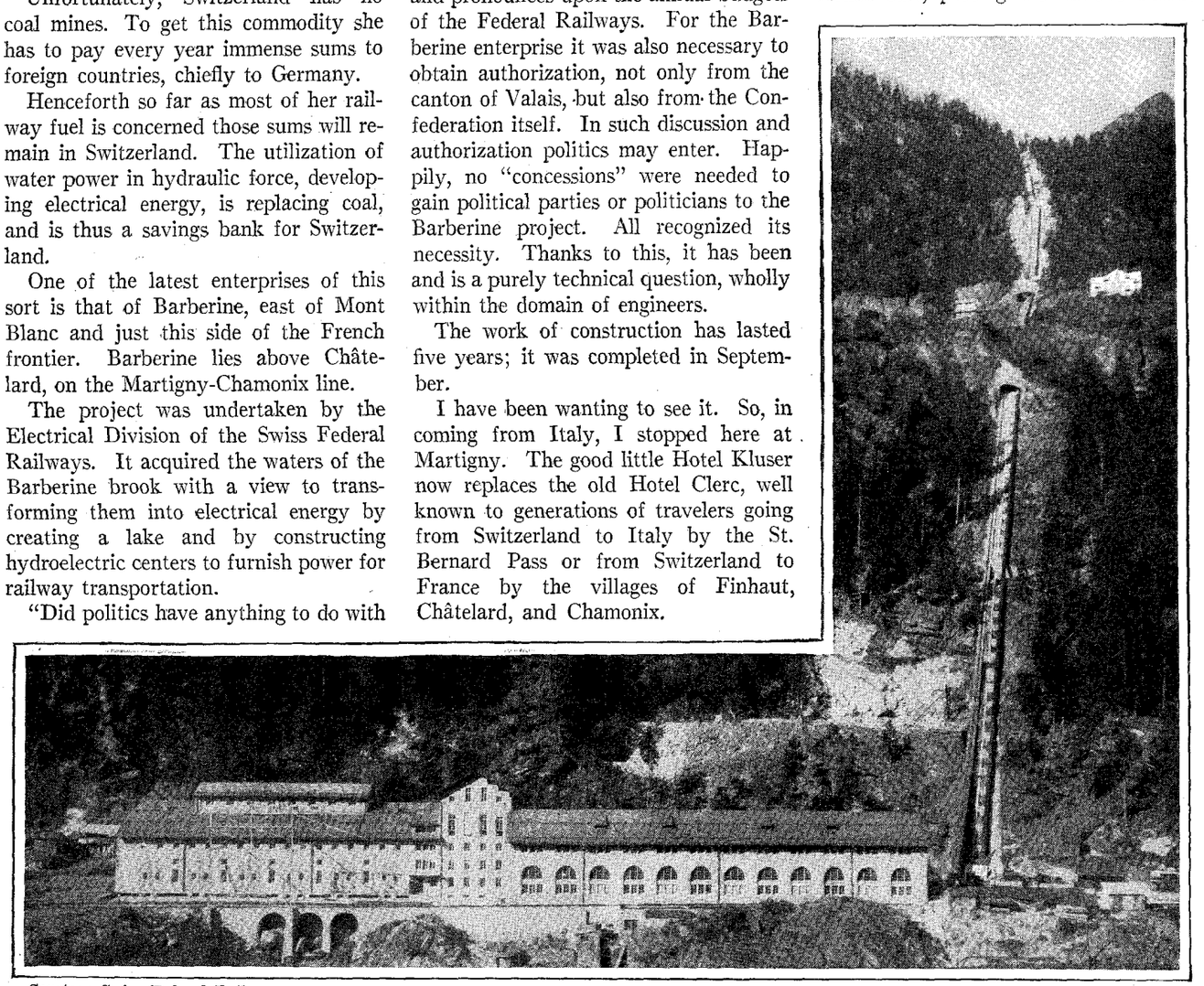
The project was undertaken by the Electrical Division of the Swiss Federal Railways. It acquired the waters of the Barberine brook with a view to transforming them into electrical energy by creating a lake and by constructing hydroelectric centers to furnish power for railway transportation.

"Did politics have anything to do with this?" asks perhaps some critic. The political power in Switzerland—that is to say, the Federal Assembly—discusses and pronounces upon the annual budgets of the Federal Railways. For the Barberine enterprise it was also necessary to obtain authorization, not only from the canton of Valais, but also from the Confederation itself. In such discussion and authorization politics may enter. Happily, no "concessions" were needed to gain political parties or politicians to the Barberine project. All recognized its necessity. Thanks to this, it has been and is a purely technical question, wholly within the domain of engineers.

The work of construction has lasted five years; it was completed in September.

I have been wanting to see it. So, in coming from Italy, I stopped here at Martigny. The good little Hotel Kluser now replaces the old Hotel Clerc, well known to generations of travelers going from Switzerland to Italy by the St. Bernard Pass or from Switzerland to France by the villages of Finhaut, Châtelard, and Chamonix.

This morning I rose at six, so as to be early on the way. I went north by the Rhône Valley to Vernayaz, where I turned east, passing the famous Trient



Courtesy Swiss Federal Railways

The machinery building, pressure conduit, and funicular of the Barberine power works in the Valais, Switzerland

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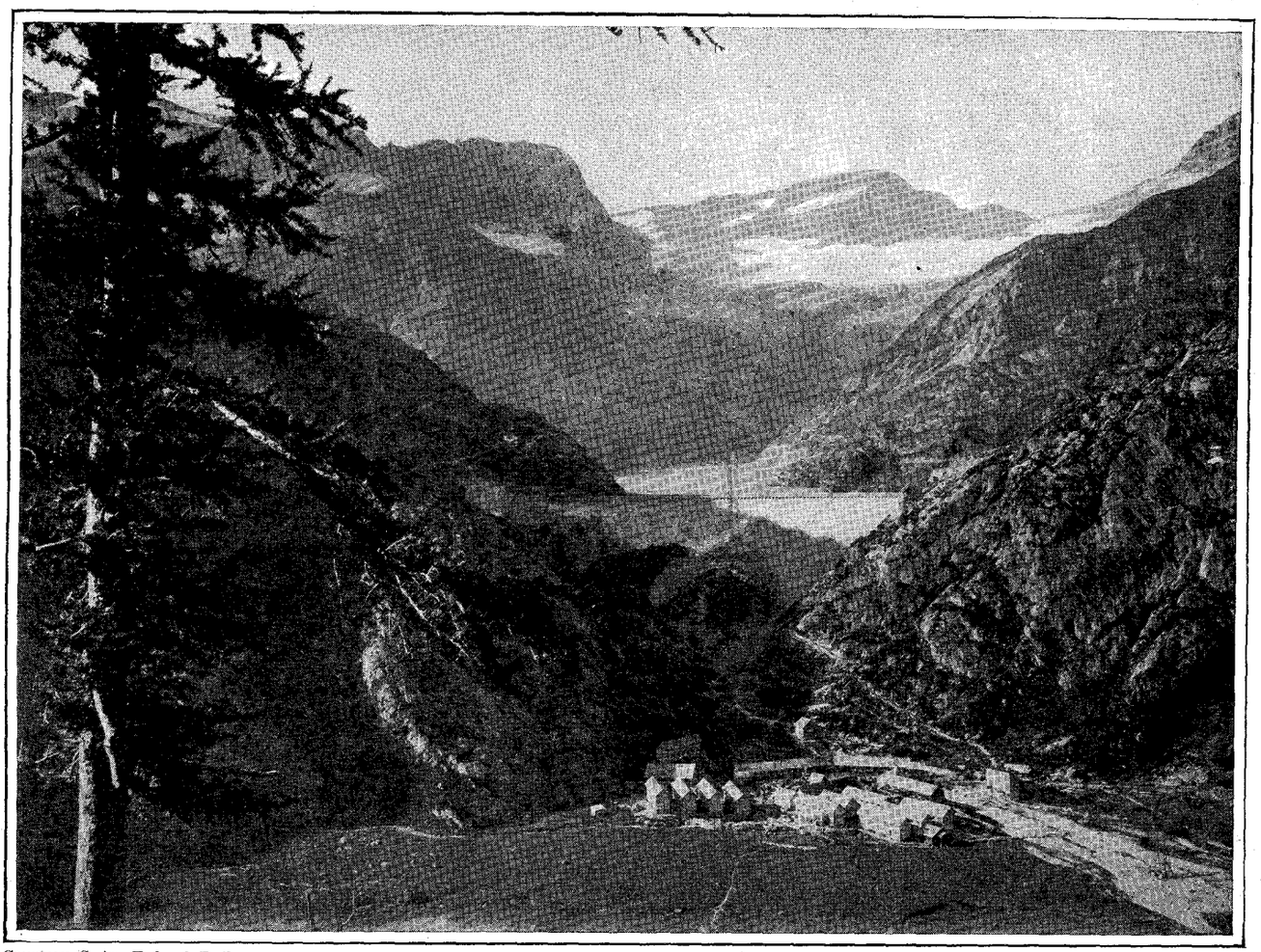

Courtesy Swiss Federal Railways

A general view of the new Barberine power works of the Swiss Federal Railways above Montigny, in the Valais

Gorge, and followed the smaller valley up to Châtelard—a superb trip.

As I was too late for the inclined railway, I tackled the little path leading up to Barberine. As one ascends the first sight is of an immense generating power-house, a monumental construction, apparently built for eternity.

This plant, covering the Barberine hydraulic forces, is being connected and will be worked with that of Vernayaz. They can be relied on to furnish the chief energy for moving the trains on the now electrified Simplon route—namely, from Vallorbe, on the French frontier at the north, by way of Lausanne, through the Simplon Tunnel, the longest in Europe, on the Italian frontier at the south. This line is a European artery. It forms the shortest communication for England and northern France with Italy and the Balkans.

Later the Châtelard and Vernayaz power-houses are to be connected with the power stations in central Switzerland, at Amsteg in the Reuss Valley and at Ritom on the Gothard. This will suffice to feed the Swiss mileage to be electrified—two-thirds of the total—by 1929. The Swiss mileage, comprising standard-gauge, narrow-gauge, and inclined-plane railways, covers nearly 3,800 miles. About half the whole is represented by the Swiss Federal Railways.

The farther I ascended, the more beautiful were the views. After having gone a goodish distance, stopping every few paces to enjoy some new spectacle, I found myself on a small mountainside plateau, just large enough for a number of houses. As I was beginning to get hungry, I noted by a sign, to my great satisfaction, that one of the houses was an inn. Approaching nearer, however, I saw that the window-blinds were all shut; the little hotel was evidently closed to guests after the season of the warmer months. Fortunately for me, I investigated the other side of the house, and discovered the landlady in the cellar. I persuaded her to give me something to eat—bread, cheese, even eggs, to which she added a glass of Valais—she actually had some Montibeux! At that moment for me the repast became Lucullian!

I asked my hostess, "How much time will it take to go up from here to Barberine?"

"Well, from two to three hours if you climb easily," she replied, and then added: "There will probably be room enough for you to stand on the open freight car coming down at the end of the afternoon."

I calculated rapidly, and made out that there would be just enough time in this short day at the end of autumn for the ascent and for a brief visit. So, after half an hour for lunch, I resumed my walk.

The path now became rude and difficult; it was often built up and often hollowed in the rock.

Sometimes it came close to the inclined railway. That railway also had to keep a dizzy grade, reaching 86 per cent. That seems rather close to the vertical!

This transportation facility has made an enormous difference with conditions at the beginning of the work of construction. A first difficulty with that work was the lack of means of access. Transportation of material and food could only be accomplished from Finhaut over the Gueula Pass by mule or human back. Some twelve hundred tons were thus carried up before the inclined railway was built. This reminds one of the labors of the ancient Egyptians. They carried

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on their backs stones for their gigantic pyramids.

From time to time a look over my shoulder made me appreciate the valley's depth. I could also appreciate the height I was gaining. I had long since reached the snow level. At first a fringe, the snow had become thick. Though I found it much less chill and wet than the snows of our great cities, my path had become more and more invisible. Finally, I could not make it out. The recent traces, seen occasionally, of chamois feet naturally indicated nothing.

To crown all, near Château d'Eau a snow hurricane reached me. At times, for an instant, the clouds cleared a bit and I caught glimpses of glaciers in the not too far distance, the sun actually shining on them! It was magnificent!

More time was thus needed than my hostess had foreseen to reach Château d'Eau, where the variations of water-pressure are deadened; the water comes from the Barberine Lake by a rock-cut gallery and passes into a forced conduit through a great pipe running down alongside the inclined railway to the turbines of the Châtelard power-house.

And now I set forth for the dam, higher still. The dam is a titanic achievement. It is some 250 feet high, and in shape bends like a bow. At its top it is nearly 900 feet long, but only 10 feet wide; at its base it is 185 feet wide. Fifty thousand tons of cement were required for its masonry.

This colossal affair, closing the Barberine defile, has created an artificial lake extending over more than four hundred acres and with a capacity of almost forty million cubic meters.

Instead of spoiling the scenery, the lake is surely more picturesque than was the large stony and dreary bed of the brook, spreading itself in the defile and above the vegetation line. Around the lake stand some majestic summits of the Mont Blanc chain.

From this point to the Châtelard power-house the net fall of water is prodigious. Sixty thousand horse-power is developed at the Châtelard. The yearly quantity of energy from Châtelard and Vernayaz will be, it is estimated, no less than two hundred and thirty million kilowatts—it should save at least 350,000 tons of coal a year. And coal comes high here!

All this power is intended for railway use. Any sale of power is not contemplated unless there should be an excess from all the power-houses together. The railways could even petition the Federal Council for authorization to export power abroad. This, however, I feel sure, they will not do.

Near the dam one sees some thirty buildings—forges, repair shops, administrative bureaus, a compressor station, a heating plant, a restaurant, dormitories, a foyer, an infirmary, a clothing and grocery store, etc.

The total cost of this latest electrification venture will reach well over sixteen million dollars.

In leaving its territory up on the heights I saw a freight car, laden, on the inclined railway, about ready to be sent down, and hastened to add myself to its load.

The Last of the Virgin Sod

By RUDOLF RUSTE

We broke to-day on the homestead
The last of the virgin sod,
And a haunting feeling oppressed me
That we marred a work of God.

A fragrance rose from the furrow,
A fragrance both fresh and old,
It was fresh with the dew of the morning,
Yet aged with time untold.

The creak of leather and clevis,
The rip of the coulter blade,
And we wreck what God with the labor
Of a million years has made.

I thought, while laying the last land,
Of the tropical sun and rains,
Of the jungles, glaciers, and oceans,
Which had helped to make these plains;

Of monsters, horrid and fearful,
Which reigned in the land we plow,
And it seemed to me so presumptuous
Of man to claim it now.

So when, to-day, on the homestead,
We finished the virgin sod
Is it strange I almost regretted
To have marred that work of God?

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Liquor on the Continent

By ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

The size of its drink bill and the behavior of American tourists give Europe pause

BEFORE returning home from my study of the liquor problem in England, I took a month's trip through Holland, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, and France. I made no attempt during this short time to delve very far into the Continental drink question, but, with the background of a thorough study of the problem both in America and Great Britain, certain comparisons were impressed upon my mind. I shall report my observations to you.

Temperance movements, I was told, have slightly gained in strength in all the Continental countries with the exception of Spain, Italy, and France. In Spain and Italy the issue scarcely exists. In France prohibition societies are well organized and work hard, but they are up against a general indifference which is more dangerous to their cause than open hostility. The French people as a whole simply cannot conceive of a dry country. They are so used to wine with their meals that restrictions on its use would strike them in the same way as the prohibition of bread and butter or sugar for our coffee would strike us.

DR. BONN, Professor of Economics of the University of Berlin, said to me: "There is no use of discussing prohibition for Continental countries, for we are not drunkards. We drink, but we are not drunkards. We have no saloons or gin-shops such as you find in England and such as you used to have in America."

I believe that Professor Bonn is right in his comparison of the Continental drinking with that of England. I did not find the counterpart of the filthy British "pub" or the American saloon in any of the Continental countries. There were many places to drink—in fact, most of the drinking is done at the open-air tables lining the sidewalks—but comparatively little hard liquor is sold. Almost every one drinks either beer or wine, and very little drunkenness is noticeable.

Notwithstanding this fact, however, there is an important liquor problem in Europe. The six countries of Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Rumania, Germany, and Austria spend approximately each year $2,410,900,000 on alcoholic liquors. Considering the poverty of these countries and their enormous indebtedness, it does not require economic experience to deduce the conclusion that they cannot afford this expenditure.

One wonders how the individuals one sees in the restaurants can afford to spend their money there when they are in such poverty and working for such small wages. The answer is that they live too well because they are too poor. They spend every penny they earn, and are afraid to save. This is understandable when we realize that in Austria, for instance, the crown is now 70,000 to the dollar, when before the war it was five to the dollar. You can readily calculate how a fortune in the savings bank or in life insurance has dwindled to an amount insufficient to buy a square meal. The inhabitants do not trust the future. They are afraid to save. They spend all the money they have while it still has purchase power.

Some of their leaders, however, realize that their habits must change. Dr. Julius Willhelm, economist of Vienna, said to me: "Vienna in her dire poverty is spending eighty to ninety millions for drink. It is utter nonsense. We are a very poor country, but people do not easily change their habits. The time will come when it will be absolutely necessary for them to change their habits. If we could reduce the drink bill even by one-third, in ten or fifteen years every one in Austria could have a small house and garden. To-day thousands of families are living in one room in dirty, unhealthy tenement-houses. In Hungary they are turning their attention toward partial prohibition. Public-houses and inns are to be closed from Saturday noon to Monday morning; inns selling brandy alone are to be abolished, and youths under eighteen are not to be served."

I HEARD a great deal about the success of the Swedish system. Situated between two prohibition countries—Norway and Finland—Sweden claims to be soberer than either. Each household is allowed four liters of liquor per month. Since 1911, when liquor restrictions were adopted, it is claimed that consumption has fallen from 24 liters per capita per annum to 12 liters; public offenses, from 47 per 1,000 population to 19 per 1,000 population; drunkards treated in hospitals, from 1.2 per 1,000 to .36 per 1,000.

In Holland I found plenty of drinking, to be sure, but little of the abuses that I have described as existing in England. A rather feeble prohibition movement exists, but it is split into three divisions—Protestant, Neutral, and Catholic—each one working apart, and therefore making little impression.

I was in attendance at a dinner given by the League of German Industrialists to visiting Americans, and at the Americans' request it was the first social function ever given in the history of the League at which no liquor was served. In Germany almost every one drinks beer. During the past year, however, an increase in the consumption of spirituous liquors has been noticed. Professor Gaupp, of Tübingen University, says that in 1924 the country distilleries increased from 700 to 1,700 in round numbers, and that all distilleries of potable spirit increased from 1,000 to 2,100.

There is a growing prohibition movement in Germany. A national post-card campaign recently produced 460,000 signatures in support of local option. About one million women are enrolled in the Evangelical Women's League, which is campaigning for a dry country.

That the movement is as yet very unpopular, however, can be learned from the following incident. Recently the Frederichshein Brewery, of Berlin, which rents its public hall for meetings of argumentative burghers, unwittingly leased its auditorium to the German prohibitionists. When the public discovered what was going on, the report went through the city that "hallowed ground was being desecrated," and a crowd of over one thousand assembled, mobbed the prohibitionists, and drove them from the hall.

The drink situation in Czechoslovakia is much the same as in Germany and Austria. The prohibition movement is as yet very weak. Its main asset is the interest of Dr. Eduard Benes, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who is a total abstainer.

I have already mentioned the indifference of the French people to the drink problem. The prohibition movement makes little headway, though many fine men and women are interesting themselves in its program.

Mr. H. W. Chafee, secretary of the American Young Men's Christian Association in Paris, stated that the prohibi-

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tion movement there was simply for the prohibition of distilled liquors. He explained how every one drank, and said: "Ten out of the twelve men on my Association board are wine merchants. The president of the board is a big wine merchant, and he has told me that if he thought that his business was not Christian he would give it up in a minute."

I also talked with Dr. Mono, of the Paris headquarters office of the French Protestant Churches. He said: "When the average Frenchman comes across the American tourist, he says, 'Oh, he is dry!' but the tourist is not long dry in France, and the man in the street concludes that the American has come to France to get away from that awful prohibition. What are we to think when prohibitionist pastors from America demand wine in France and beer in Germany? We must get prohibitory laws here to save the country. I am a lifelong abstainer myself and speak continuously for prohibition in France, but we get little help from visiting Americans. If prohibition is a success in America, it will sweep the world. It is a failure, it will react against the efforts of the dry movement all over the world."

The American University

By M. C. Hollis

THE author was a member of the Oxford debating team which recently traveled throughout America. True to his national instinct, he gives us his impressions of the America that he saw.

THE great word of impression that the English visitor takes away from a study of American universities is "organization." It comes into his constant vocabulary very early. The idle, easy ways of Oxford and Cambridge, boasting that the greater part of the benefits that they bestow come from interminable and spontaneous conversations round the fire—these are the things most clearly lacking in the American university. The football player is almost a pawn in the hands of his coach. The debater often has the words of his speech written for him by a professor. Classes are compulsory. Every breath that the student takes is the university's business, and he must breathe it at an appropriate and scheduled time.

In the excess of organization something is lost, although something is also gained. But it is perhaps the way of the Englishman to discover the loss much sooner than he discovers the reason for it. The reason for it is, of course, partly in the American. In America the conversationalist is very rare. The American does not take to the Frenchman's quick throwing to and fro of a conversational ball. He prefers taking turns at monologue. And he loves organization. The organization of his social life, the number of his club luncheons, is the wonder of the world.

Still, for this organization in the universities there is a more special reason. Here, as in so many other things, America has undertaken a task quite different from any that the world has ever before seen. The European or English university has been able to leave the student much freedom to learn as he chooses simply because it has made no attempt to cater for the student who does not choose to learn at all. The European university has always been an asylum for the oddity with a kink for intellectual interests, a refuge for the minority. America, the first to do so, has tried to give a college education to everybody. The experiment has demanded the price.

I have heard Americans argue that she has by so doing stultified the very purpose of higher education and sacrificed ability to mass mediocrity. Be that as it may—and there is much to be said on both sides—it is evident that it makes education's problem very different. For not only has it brought a volume of students to the university, for parallel to which we have to go back to Europe before the Reformation, but—and here the comparison with the mediævals breaks down—the great majority of them cannot love learning for its own sake. For the taste is rare. The critic who remembers this finds many of his criticisms answered. Organization? Yes. But what sort of people are you organizing?

But here is a question that will not down: Granted that organized athletics, the fraternity system, the amassing of credits, are wise policies with which to meet the problem of the indifferent numbers, are you not sacrificing to them the genuine lover of learning? And is not a system of education which does such a thing a very parody?

Nothing is more foolish than an affected eccentricity of superiority. An intellectual who cannot take an ordinary place in the life of the ordinary world the ordinary world can well afford to spare. This self-differentiation is the quality one finds in the third-rate; always in a Marie Corelli, and never in a Shakespeare. And yet is there not a danger? Is the conversation of a fraternity house meal table good enough intellectual chewing-ground for the Oliver Wendell Holmes of the future?

Is not the whole philosophy of loyalty to a fraternity a great fraud? I shall never forget the sight of a man of sixty dining with his old fraternity and singing with them—

> Delta Tau Delta,
> My home and shelter.

To what was this loyalty? The members, the very building, had changed. There is no way of life of Delta Tau Delta different from that of all the rest of the world. How can a man serve three Greek letters? What result does the attempt bring but terrible and crushing sameness, man to man, fraternity to fraternity? It is just the wrong size; that is the fraternity's great vice. It is too small to be a permanent and enduring society, too large to be a body of boon companions. And this is a vice that it shares with many instruments of American sociability.

How necessary is this fear that the individual is being destroyed? It is, of course, obvious that no generalization about America can be at best more than half a truth. But if the Middle West, as it sometimes tells the traveler, is America, then the fear is necessary. For the Middle West certainly hates individuality. But America, I think, like a wise shopkeeper, displays its best goods in its windows, on its east and west coasts. Why is it that people are best educated when they live by the sea? The advantages of the East are manifest. It has age and tradition, which is so essential to culture. But why, if you leave Yale and Harvard on the east coast, is it necessary to travel six days to the west coast to find their equal? Why, if Iowa or Utah have not forgotten their pioneer days, has California left them so far behind in education as in other things? We are

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often told that it is because the sea brings it into contact with other cultures and saves it from the isolation of the Middle West. But the explanation is surely too facile. I do not believe that the excellence of Stanford is entirely due to the fact that the students go down from Palo Alto to watch the steamers coming into San Francisco. I think, rather, that the explanation, if it is not in natural virtue, is in the climate—the climate of California, which has forced the people, perhaps unwillingly, perhaps unadmittingly, into leisure. For a leisurely life is the greatest need of the American university of to-day. By far the greatest vice of American education is that there is much too much of it. No one has ever been educated in a hurry. Long evenings, the Socratic threshing out of subjects until boredom, talk, talk, freedom; all, is education, and not text-books and credits. It remains to be seen whether the Eighteenth Amendment has prohibited it.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

From Pieria to Mediocria

Reviews by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS season boasts several new monographs upon poetry in its fundamental and eternal relationship to life, all interesting if not conclusive. The most recent of these is Mr. John G. Neihardt's "Poetic Values: Their Reality and Our Need of Them;" while R. C. Trevelyan's "Thamyris; or, Is There a Future for Poetry?" is another brief suggestive discussion of the theme. It is not within the scope of this review to treat these particular books, but in this connection we may call attention to Mr. Struthers Burt's introduction to his volume of poems, "When I Grew Up to Middle Age."[1] He calls that introduction "Ancient Gossip," and it is well entitled. The points he makes in it, for well or ill, have mostly been made before. Yet some of it is cogent. He burnishes certain old truths that are likely to become lost, strayed, or stolen in the strident confusion of the competitive present.

> The older one grows [says Mr. Burt], the more one becomes an anarchist, realizing how little didactic any one should dare to be concerning such a hidden and delicate subject as verse.

We feel as if we were that kind of an anarchist. The New has now become almost as didactic as the Old, and we long for a little respite. It is, of course, only a manifestation of human nature that a little later on Mr. Burt himself becomes quite didactic. But one of his didacticisms, even though some may call it moss-grown, needs, we think, to be blazoned on high in this day and generation:

"No form of poetry can make poetry, but poetry can make any form."

He lays fitting stress on the pronouncement that "the only poet who should dare to use free verse is the poet trained in the ancient laws." That is not new, perhaps, but it holds good. Free verse, as he knows, is no new thing, "but an ancient and honorable form of poetry." He becomes more original when he declares that "the statement that a restless time demands restless verse asserts that a thing can best be described in terms of itself; and that, as every one knows, is photography, not portraiture;" and also when he neatly pierces certain of his audience with, "The man who pleads simplicity and says he cannot understand poetry is naming himself not a simple man but—as so many people are nowadays—a partially developed man; a man too complex but not complex enough; a 'half-baked' man."

We wish we had space to discuss at length such running comments as these. We have not, and must turn to Mr. Burt's book itself. Undeniably there is poetry here. It has well-wrought passages of clear, calm felicity (such as page three of "No One Knows the Countryside"). It rises to the fantastic brittle beauty of "Helen Pendicott." It is traditional in manner, for the most part, as the English poetry of Freeman and Drinkwater is traditional. And it doesn't give a darn that it is.

Let us juxtapose Miss Edith Sitwell, the varnished flowered-chintz cover of whose book[2] expresses aptly the verse within. Miss Sitwell takes nonsense and nursery legend and playful sophistication and tangles them in a maze of varicolored yarn. The maze is full of color schemes, but sometimes it is a labor to untangle the yarn. There is a fascination about Miss Sitwell's helter-skelter of brilliant phrase that seems often to consist mainly in the fact that her meaning hides and grimaces and runs away to hide again. In this characteristic she is completely of her century. What she cares most for are the design and the opportunity for fandango. And in fandangos she indubitably excels.

Robinson Jeffers comes before us as a poet of considerable power, emerging from "the golden, remote wild West where the sea without shore is" with a new manner of long narrative poem.[3] He seems fond of the incest *motif*. He desires to choose themes that will shock. It is hard to shock us to-day. Leaving this quite aside, "Roan Stallion" and "Tamar" and "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" and a few of his other poems are full of intensity and have memorable passages. His Cassandra *is* a Cassandra. "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" is to us, in fact, one of the most terribly vivid revivals of Greek legend that we have read since Swinburne's "Atalanta." It is not Greek as Swinburne was Greek. It is not Greek as any one has been Greek before or since. But some of its moments continue to vibrate in the mind. "Tamar" itself is one of the most congested pieces of writing we have toiled through in moons, but we find that, in spite of all its overplus of horrors and organ roar of madness (*in spite*, we say, instead of *because* of these things), its story (which requires a strong stomach) has left a powerful impression. It is the same with "Roan Stallion." Mr. Jeffers's book contains evidences of creative power of the first order. Mr. Jeffers will go his own way. We certainly cannot predict how far he will go.

Margaret Widdemer is a poet of emotion, and sometimes a poet of mere prettiness. This recent book[4] of hers is stronger in many respects than some of her former ones. She can be intensely,

[1] When I Grew Up to Middle Age. By Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

[2] Troy Park. By Edith Sitwell. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $1.75.

[3] Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems. By Robinson Jeffers. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

[4] Ballads and Lyrics. By Margaret Widdemer. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.75.

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humorously charming, as in "Orange Birds;" she can be stirring, as in "Revisitants;" she can be moving, as in "Words;" stirring, as in "Janua Vitæ;" trenchant, as in "Gods."

Vachel Lindsay's new collected poems[5] are embellished with his own decorations. In his most recent poetry, in my own opinion, he has gravely declined from the inspiration that was his a few years ago. He seems to be groping between the lights. His drawings are from "The Village Magazine" of his own invention. Some of his designs are delightful, notably "The Map of the Universe." And the poetry in this thick volume contains (even though we must definitely discard some of the more recent sound and fury) enough remarkable work to assure him a place in American literature. What he may do in the next few years is on the knees of the gods. Personally, we expect a new *annus mirabilis*.

Sister Mary Angelita's book[6] opens with a devotional poem of genuine distinction, "Signum Cui Contradicetur." It seems to us her most striking poem, though there is charm elsewhere, and the beauty of simple devotion. Marguerite Wilkinson's anthology of Christmas poems, "Yule Fire,"[7] contains much one likes to read over and over in this season, and is prefaced by a zealous and well-informed essay in the Christian spirit, upon true and false mysticism among other things. Our own predilection is for a wild kind of faith, and when, at the end of the book, we swing into Chesterton's "The House of Christmas" we are thrilled the most:

This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.

"The Complete Poetical Works of Edna Dean Proctor"[8] present for the first time in one volume the work of a poet who was a household word in the homes of some of our elders. Here are her Columbian poems, her Civil War poems, her New Hampshire poems, her poems of Spanish America and Russia, her homeland poems, and her devotional ones. All are distinctly dated, and we cannot claim to have found any work here that seems to us truly enduring.

To conclude, "Winepress,"[9] by Walter Hart Blumenthal, is a medley, with page decorations that might better have been omitted. It opens with a "Chippewa Legend" which we found it impossible to read through, lulled by the monotonous brevity of the lines. The shorter poems range from grave to gay with a vengeance, and mediocrity lies heavily on most of them. Mr. Blumenthal is far from distinction, certainly. We must lay his book aside with the works of Miss Proctor. This too shall pass away.

[5] Collected Poems. By Vachel Lindsay. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.
[6] Starshine and Candlelight. By Sister Mary Angelita, B. V. M. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.
[7] Yule Fire. By Marguerite Wilkinson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.
[8] The Complete Poetical Works of Edna Dean Proctor. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.
[9] Winepress: A Vintage of Verse. By Walter Hart Blumenthal. The Vail-Ballou Press, New York. $2.

Fiction

HELEN. By Edward Lucas White. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Mr. White is a classicist, and the publishers have given his book a charming classical dress. He gets at Helen's psychology in a way of his own, and shows that her power over men was through her intelligence as well as her beauty. There is a singular enjoyment to be had from this short and spirited narrative of chosen episodes in the many years that elapsed beginning with Helen's young girlhood (she was abducted by Theseus at the age of twelve), on through the siege of Troy, and up to her return to Greece with her original husband.

The gods and goddesses are here very much in the background, and we are face to face with men and women. Menelaus, Paris, Deiphobus, Menelaus again—but always Helen is calm and accepts facts (and men) as they come. There is a legend, not mentioned by Mr. White, that Helen became after death and in the Isles of the Blest, the bride of Achilles. We hope that she did, and that Achilles and Hector fought over her.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY. By John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.50.

The beauty of Helen of Troy has long been accepted as an eternal truth, but Mr. Erskine does not content himself with mere descriptions. This Helen is an absorbing person, with a quick intelligence and a lively humor. The world knows more or less of what happened at Troy, but little has been said about the after-life of the unrepentant Helen, back in her Spartan home. It is a scintillating wit that has pictured Menelaos, the impeccable husband, rushing forth to punish his erring wife, finding her "too beautiful to kill," and finally bringing her home, to twist him around her beau-

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tiful fingers. The greater part of the story is told in conversations between Helen, Menelaos, their daughter Hermione and her eventual husband, Orestes. There are also the officious and ever-present gate-keeper Eteonens; Charitas, an old school friend of Helen's, who at the whisper of bad news always "rushes right over;" and several minor characters. In the background moves the great tragedy of Clytemnestra and Agamemnon, but it is with the extraordinarily vital character of Helen that the book is mainly concerned. Of love she says: "You think love is a crime. Let's compromise, and say it's a great misfortune—a misfortune one wouldn't have missed." In a day of "Hamlet" in mufti it will not seem strange that the classic characters in this fascinating book converse in an altogether modern and sometimes cynical manner.

THE BLACK JOKER. By Isabel Ostrander. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

The heroine is surely the most abducted girl in fiction. Minions of three gangs are always grabbing her and she is constantly rushed about in airplane, ship, or motor car. Not for love, however; she is supposed to have "the papers" in a great international struggle, which, by the way, is never clearly elucidated. The incidents are exciting, but the plot is plain "tosh."

P. A. L. By Felix Riesenberg. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

This might better be called "Bunk." It deals with every species of humbug by exploitation. Its P. A. L. believes that the fool who is born every minute can be caught, and that the way to catch him is to spend a fortune advertising, then form a stock company, and when the bait ceases to catch the suckers dump the load on the stockholders and start something new. The satire would be keener if there were less exaggeration and more discrimination.

Literature

THE STORY OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE. By John Macy. Boni & Liveright, New York. $5.

Here is one of the fine books of the year. Mr. Macy tries to tell about the world's literature in five or six hundred pages; so he has to slight much and skim over some rather important authors. But he touches all the great figures, and writes of them with the enthusiasm of a lover, the balance of a man of good sense. Henry James, he says, was "an intellectual 'shut in;'" Lincoln, of all statesmen in the world, had the finest and strongest literary touch. These are two bits of sound comment. So is his criticism of Whitman; he places him high among our poets, but isn't afraid to admit the truth: that he wrote much rubbish. And thanks, Mr. Macy, for this remark about Mark Twain:

A notion recently current among younger critics that his wings were clipped, that the respectability of American life kept his genius from expressing itself fully, is simply nonsense.

Law

THE FOLLIES OF THE COURTS. By Leigh H. Irvine. The Times-Mirror Press, Los Angeles. $2.50.

A sensible, vigorous, and greatly needed criticism of our methods of criminal justice. Describes American delays, quibbles, and sentimentalisms which result in keeping alive our murderers at the expense of thousands of innocent lives. Contrasts these follies with the English law, which puts the convicted murderer to death promptly, and thereby discourages murder, instead of fostering it.

Biography

MY PORTION. An Autobiography. By Rebekah Kohut. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $3.50.

The daughter of one rabbi and the widow of another tells her life story. Brought to the United States from Hungary as a little girl in the late 60's, she lived in various centers—Philadelphia, Richmond, San Francisco, Baltimore, and New York. Married to the eminent scholar, Alexander Kohut, many years her senior, she found all her attention claimed for a time by domestic duties. Later, and especially after her husband's death, she took up social work, and here her activities have covered a wide range.

The book is interesting and important in various ways. For one thing, as the writer of the Introduction, Miss Henrietta Szold, points out, it is unique in that it is the first American-Jewish autobiography by a woman past her thirtieth year, dealing with experience and achievement and mellow influences, "instead of the harsh, callous grind of a mechanized life." Here is the story of one whose arrival in America long antedates the coming of the immigrant swarms of her people who crowd the ghettos, a woman who has lived always in a cultured environment, which, though predominantly Jewish, has had also its close contacts with Gentile life. The rebellious note of the autobiographies of young women from the ghetto—justified and socially valuable as that note may be—is wholly absent from these pages. There are memories of anguished days in the record, but they are told with serenity. To Mrs. Kohut "life, above all, is a going on, a never resting." Her portion seems to her a miraculous compound "of all the ingredients of life—poverty, struggle, affluence, health, illness, companionship, friendship, love, betrayal,

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loneliness, giving, taking, doing." And, though illness claims her, she still sees herself "always going on, . . . always straining forward for something that has not been but should be."

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL J. ELDER. By Margaret M. Elder. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $5.

The career of a Massachusetts attorney whose notable cases included his representation of Mrs. Eddy; his defense of Dr. Eastman of Harvard, charged with murder; and his appearance as counsel for the United States in the North Atlantic Fisheries Arbitration.

Crime

MURDER, PIRACY AND TREASON. By Raymond Postgate. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

Accounts of trials for various crimes, including one for witchcraft and a number for murder. The dates of them range from 1380 to 1879, and they are mainly English, with two New York cases added. The author has made only a fairly interesting book out of material which was very promising. He is not always a good narrator, and, as he seems to believe that "capitalism" is to blame for most crimes, it may be that his narrative would be clearer if his thinking were straighter.

The Old Days

STEAMBOAT DAYS. By Fred Irving Dayton. Illustrated by John Wolcott Adams. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $5.

Mr. Dayton's book is richer in statistics relative to the business of steamboating than it is in those qualities of interest and picturesqueness one naturally looks for in any account of an occupation now almost extinct. Nevertheless his book is interesting because of the many facts he has so laboriously collected, not to mention a few striking passages descriptive of the Mississippi River steamboating days that have long since been embalmed in a nation's fiction. Of special value is his colorful account of the floating theater, a feature of ante-bellum entertainment. These theaters occupied a barge towed by a steamboat, and they made regular trips up and down the river, announcing their approach to every town by means of a steam calliope whose shrill sounds brought the population to the river-bank ready to storm the gangplank for admission. Melodrama, in which virtue triumphed and villainy was punished, was the favorite form of entertainment offered. There are many still living who recall the initial trip of the steamship Great Eastern to American waters, and these will read with interest Mr. Dayton's account of the enthusiastic welcome accorded to that vessel, 680 feet in length, when it entered the harbor of New York and proceeded up the North River. The steamship had a capacity for 4,000 passengers, but her great size aroused fear of her seaworthiness and after a few voyages she was broken up. Mr. Dayton has much to say of the steamships that ply on Eastern waters, largely between New York and towns on the Hudson River and Long Island Sound, and also of the traffic on the Great Lakes, which has since grown to an enormous size. On the whole he has written a book that is well worth while.

Sport

HUNTING IN AFRICA EAST AND WEST. By Charles P. Curtis, Jr., and Richard C. Curtis. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

Killing big game and small in Africa. Told in an unassuming, informal, and thoroughly pleasing manner.

TALES OF FISHING VIRGIN SEAS. By Zane Grey. Harper & Brothers, New York. $5.

A picture book of good hunting for big fish. The novelist photographs whales, dodges sharks, hunts sailfish, swordfish, tuna, and many other tremendous fish of the Pacific. Many photographs of all of them.

Humor

FOOLISH FICTION. By Christopher Ward. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.90.

Imitations of popular novelists by our best literary parodist—except Stephen Leacock.

Aviation

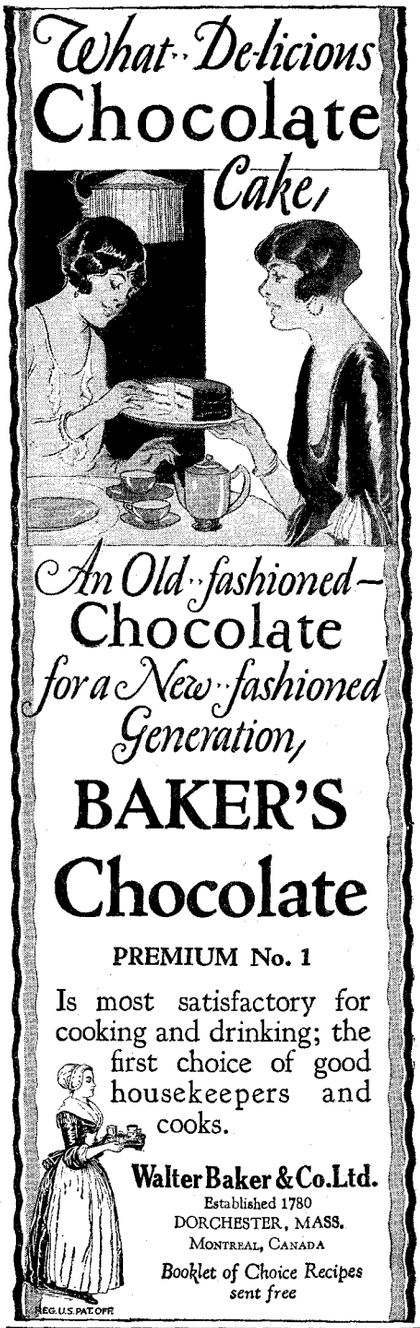
WINGED DEFENSE. By William Mitchell. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This is Colonel Mitchell's book on the air defenses of America; what they lack and what should be done about it. If you were a member of the court which tried him, you know the book, because it was read aloud to you. It is a fine-looking book, with good photographs and a handsome portrait of the Colonel, whose breast is covered with well-merited decorations. Here is his side of the case, presented with vigor.

Miscellaneous

OUR SUSSEX PARISH. By Thomas Gearing. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

Thomas Gearing, of Hailsham village, Sussex, was first a plowboy, then a shoemaker, inheriting from his father a pleasant house and comfortably prosperous business. He was entirely satisfied with his position in life. In Hailsham there were no great folk, and its business men were the recognized élite, imbued with a sturdy self-respect and modest pride. He was intelligent and observant; he loved both printed books and old wives' tales; he loved Sussex and its people and to remember the days of his youth. He was past sixty when he wrote this book, first published in 1884, reprinted in



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Notes on New Books

SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY. By Grove S. Dow. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

An introduction to sociology for high schools.

THE OUTCAST. By Luigi Pirandello. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

A novel studying life in a small Italian town.

THE RELIGION OF YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW. By Kirsopp Lake. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

By the Professor of early Christian History in Harvard University.

JESUS OF NAZARETH. By Joseph Klausner. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.50.

The work of a living Jewish scholar, translated from the Hebrew.

THE ROMANCE CHURCHES OF FRANCE. By Oliver E. Bodington. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

A manual of church architecture in the twelfth century.

FACTORS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By A. F. Pollard. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Lectures by a professor at the University of London. These discussions of American history were delivered on the Sir George Watson Foundation for American History, Literature, and Institutions.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

A comedy in three acts.

THE TWILIGHT RENDEZVOUS. By Milton McGovern. Buffalo Catholic Publication Co., Buffalo.

A very romantic romance by a Franciscan friar. It is a religious novel.

REAL PUZZLES. By John Q. Boyer, Rufus T. Strohm, and George Pryor. The Norman Remington Company, Baltimore. $2.

Puzzles of all kinds, but not cross-word puzzles.

The Lizard, Flies, and Ladies

By Bill Adams

I wish I were a child again. Not that I'm tired, or disappointed, or unable to eat apples and plum cake.

I want my lizard back.

He was an excellent lizard. Lizards had been the fashion for the last few weeks of the school term. Every boy desired them. I caught mine under a hawthorn on Clifton Down—Clifton Down, where a beacon burned when the Armada was sighted.

"And ere the day twelve hundred horse had met on Clifton Down." That is part of a long poem by a man named Macaulay. I had to learn it by heart, which rather spoiled Clifton Down for me, though it was a good place for lizards. If you liked the game known as cricket, it was a fine place for cricket too. I loathed cricket; but once, on Clifton Down, shook hands with W. G., the most famous cricketer of England and the Empire.

Speaking of lizards, there were many on Clifton Down. You'd find them sunning on rocks whence might be seen Lundy Island and the waters of the Bristol Channel—famous for the sails of Oxenham, Salvation Yeo, and Amyas Leigh, and, in turn, for slave ships, Irish cattle steamers, and the operations of U-boats. It was there too that on my first night at sea I had the fear of God put into me by one of his hurricanes.

But speaking of lizards, there is something wrong with the boy who does not desire pets. I've had magpies, jackdaws, white rats, jet-black mice (two for a shilling in a London animal shop), guinea-pigs, rabbits, snakes, hedgehogs, beetles, caterpillars—well, you know how it goes. And lots and lots of dogs.

It was breaking-up day at my boarding-school. He who has never known boarding-school has missed a heap of sorrow—and of joy. I know no delight comparable to breaking-up day at boarding-school.

To-day I never see a fly. A fly was a one-horse covered-over affair with seats for four. The driver often had a very red nose. Flys took small boys from the boarding-school to the station, their boxes beside the driver and their tickets for home in their pockets. In my pocket I had also my lizard. He was in a small cardboard box with some wet grass. Had I not damped the grass lest he go thirsty, all would have been well.

I was alone in an English railway carriage. "Seat five each side." There were five passengers seated each side, and I was one of those on one side. A small boy is most alone when surrounded by grown-ups. But, of course, I had my lizard. Only one cannot play with one's lizard in a railway carriage full of grown-ups. It was very boresome, though I had a window seat; which helped, for I could see the apple orchards, the rabbits and pheasants on the embankments, and the red and white cattle in the fields. If one has imagination and can see things, life is not so bad.

They were a very dull lot of grown-ups indeed. There were two clergymen. The amaze that I yet feel at sight of a clergyman was even stronger then. All healthy children regard the clergy with wonder; wondering if it be really so that of such are the kingdom of heaven. No one has ever proved it.

There were several farmers. For stolidity commend me to the English west-country farmer. And there were several women. One sat next to me.

I am coming to my lizard.

Between Gloucester and Micheldean, which is on the edge of the forest of Dean, where the big coal mines are, I put my hand in my pocket to fondle my lizard. My lizard was gone! The damp grass had melted his box.

I felt terribly alone. The sorrow a small boy feels at the loss of a pet is sorrow indeed. If being crossed in love makes the heart any colder, it must be a very cold feeling.

I sat quite still, and, looking carefully about me, presently saw my lizard. He was on the coat collar of the stout lady seated at my side. With a fore foot lifted, he was about to step onto her neck.

I raised my hand and picked him very gently off her coat collar. Dear lizard! He was my own again. But the stout lady had felt my hand. Turning and looking down on me, she asked if she were in my way. What grown-up was ever anywhere but in a small boy's way? But, as a small boy, I was very polite.

"No, thank you," I answered her, and added, "I was just getting my lizard."

Truthfulness has got many children into trouble. It is, or was, commonly known among the grown-ups of the English west country that lizards, as well as toads and newts (which also make excellent pets), spit fire, bite, and sting.

When I look back upon that clamorous English railway carriage, I feel that I was meant to be a sailor; for I kept my head and refused to throw my lizard out of the window. I proved, by earnest demonstration, that he did not spit fire, bite, or sting. It was all in vain. One cannot change the English mind, save very, very slowly. It is sot in its ways.

At the next station the two clergymen took another carriage. The farmers and the women hurried out. Only one stayed. The woman beside me had for some reason taken a fancy to either me or my lizard. She would not sit close to us, but she did not go. I talked to her and demonstrated my lizard. She was very kind to us both. And I think that she was foolishly sorry for my lizard. I came to almost like her. It was for her sake, at her gentle request, that I by and by dropped him out upon the long green grass of the embankment.

I want my lizard back, my childhood again.

But yet I do not think that Pan has ever really died. Somewhere, perhaps, he sits and pipes to my lizard. We shall go back. Old friends will play together where no grown-ups are.

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For Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, and Miscellaneous Advertisements see next page

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STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY, 200 single sheets, 100 envelopes, postpaid $1.00, west of Mississippi River $1.10. White bond paper, blue ink, top center only. Cash with order. RUE PUBLISHING CO., DENTON, MD.

PERSONAL stationery—200 6 x 7 or 100 folded sheets, 100 envelopes, mailed for $1.00. Hammermill or Atlantic Bond. Hicks, Stationer, Macedon Center, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

SECRETARIES, social workers, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. We secure position for you after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet CM-27. Standard Business Training Institution, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite Z-5842, Washington, D. C.

LECTURERS: Clergy who can speak on current events and who would be interested in several engagements each month in the churches of their State. Good payment. State qualifications in first letter. 6,573, Outlook.

WOMAN—Publishing house has permanent sales position with executive future to offer woman of keen intelligence who has heretofore earned $50 or more a week. Previous sales experience not necessary, experience in educational work helpful. Refinement and determination essential for success. Traveling required—all transportation paid—liberal drawing account and commision basis. Write, stating age and qualifications, to B. E. Sparrow, 50 W. 47th St., New York City.

SITUATIONS WANTED

A lady would act as chaperon or companion on world cruise or European trip. Accustomed traveler. Highest social references. Address 6,600, Outlook.

COMPANION, in New York or Brooklyn, to lady who desires congenial companion; refined, sympathetic; loves books and plays bridge. Please write explicitly. 6,595, Outlook.

COMPANIONS—Several exceptional women available for positions requiring culture, tact, and background. Executive Service Corporation (Agency), 1515 Pershing Square Building, New York.

EXPERIENCED nurse, Protestant, trained in infant welfare, desires position any capacity—institution or private. References. Salary $80 per month. 6,596, Outlook.

NURSE, capable, refined, desires position with invalid. Excellent recommendations. Willing to travel or go country. 6,597, Outlook.

REFINED American woman, educated, capable, as managing housekeeper, chaperon, companion to a lady. 6,588, Outlook.

SEVERAL trained and experienced religious workers for better-class positions. Executive Service Corporation (Agency), 1515 Pershing Square Building, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY—Woman of refinement, college graduate, will assume in her own home in California the entire care of a healthy child between the ages of one and three. References exchanged. For further particulars enquire of Sherman & Peters, Attorneys, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

WANTED—To get in touch with persons interested in giving financial support to improved education for exceptionally bright children. Address Margaret V. Cobb, 78 Morningside Drive, New York City.

By the Way

SOME indications of the growing popularity of radio can be gleaned from the fact that there are now 55 publications devoted exclusively to radio. . . . Three million sets and twenty million tubes were manufactured in 1925, with a business total for the year of about $800,000,000. . . . The large "commercial" broadcasting stations have sold practically all of their time on the air for advertising purposes, the rates fluctuating according to the power of the station. WEAF gets from $400 to $600 an hour, while WMCA charges $300 per hour. That the fad is not purely American is evidenced by the report from Germany which states that there are 51,000 employees in a single German radio factory. The field in that country is controlled by two or three very large companies.

Manager—"I have sized you up, Brown. When I am not here you are the laziest man in the office."

News of the week includes the report of a divorce decree granted in Chicago within nineteen hours after the filing of the first papers. Even in Yucatan one must wait fifteen days. . . . A scheme has been devised to completely disorganize world finance one thousand years from now. It is to put $10 out at interest and allow it to compound for that length of time, when it will have grown to $5,374,523,952,824,329. . . . Gloria Swanson, film star, has had a new apartment built for her on top of a Park Avenue Building in New York City. For a five-year lease she is said to have paid $250,000. An elevator, with three shifts of uniformed operators, is maintained for her exclusive use. With a reported income of $500,000 a year she can afford it.

When the mayor hurried into the auditorium and exclaimed apologetically, "I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but I've been addressing a board meeting," it was rather impolite of a voice from the crowd to say, "I can well believe that it was."

An amazing instance of news suppression occurred recently in Boston. The arrest of a man who had been throwing heavy missiles nightly for ten weeks from the balcony of a Keith theater into the crowded auditorium below was the first newspaper mention of the affair. The press knew of the mysterious missiles which endangered the nightly audience and of the bewilderment of the management as to who the culprit was, but not a paper had the courage to print the news and warn the public. After some months the guilty man, a special police officer, was arrested, and then only—after the danger was over—were the facts printed.

A contrast in movie advertising and a moral: A St. Louis theater advertised a recent picture in the local press with the explanatory caption, "Oh, Baby! Barred by the censors of Chicago and Ohio because it is 'naughty,' other cities call it nice. . . . When she kissed she had a style that was all her own—Learned how to do it in Paris and then practiced it everywhere else—Men?—She turned men into slaves with just one scorching glance and a tropic smile." This theater lost business. . . . C. J. Latta, movie theater proprietor of Shenandoah, Iowa, recently advertised that the show at his theater for the coming week was not a good one, and, for his people's protection, he warned them to stay away. "Next week," he added, "we will have a good picture, worth your money." He had congratulations pour in from far and wide and a record attendance at the "next week's" show.

Press reports state that Sarasota, Florida, contains 69 square miles. It claims a population of 10,000, but only 211 votes were cast there last year. One can drive eight miles in any direction from the City Hall and still be in the City of Sarasota, but then "city lots" do sell for higher prices.

The story is told of a man who bought a Florida lot for $4,000 from the map in a real estate office. He carefully paid in cash and demanded his deed. He then asked that he be shown his property. At first the agent was hesitant, but the purchaser insisted, and they went to the beach, where the agent pointed out the lot about four hundred feet from the shore. "Just what I wanted," said the buyer. "And now that it belongs to me, I want you to see that nothing is put on it." "But," protested the agent, "we're going to fill in all that part, and in three months we'll have your lot high and dry, like the rest." "Not mine," replied the owner. "If you put a cubic foot of dirt on it, I'll sue your company." That afternoon the company bought back the lot for $20,000.

Answer to last week's puzzle: Braes, bears, saber, bares, baser.

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